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ITALIAN
AND ENGLISH TEXT
AND MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

MARTA

(MARTHA)

BY

FLOTOW

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY
BOSTON

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MADE IN U. S. A.

Standard Opera Librettos

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A—G

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MARTA

(MARTHA)

OPERA IN FOUR ACTS

...BY...

FRIEDRICH VON FLOTOW

CONTAINING THE

ITALIAN TEXT, WITH AN
ENGLISH TRANSLATION

AND

THE MUSIC OF THE PRINCIPAL AIRS

.30

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CHARACTERS

LADY HARRIET, Maid of Honor to Queen Anne . .	Soprano
LORD TRISTAN DE MICKLEFORD, Her Cousin . . .	Bass
PLUNKETT, a Young Farmer	Bass
LIONEL, His Foster-Brother, afterwards Earl of Derby .	Tenor
NANCY, Waiting-Maid to Lady Harriet	Contralto
SHERIFF	Bass

Courtiers, Pages, Ladies, Hunters and Huntresses, Farmers, Servants, Etc

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THE STORY OF "MARTHA"

LADY HARRIET, a lady of rank at the court of Queen Anne of England, tired of the amusements which court life affords her, forms the plan to visit the Servants' Fair at Richmond in the disguise of a servant girl in search of employment. She is accompanied by Nancy, her maid, and Sir Tristan, a cousin and admirer of hers, rather advanced in years, both appropriately attired for the occasion.

Hither also repair two young farmers, Lionel and Plunkett. Lionel is the adopted child of Plunkett's parents, now both deceased. His parentage is unknown. His father was found, one evening, at the door of the farmhouse, where he had sunk down from exhaustion. Lionel, then a small boy, was with him. Both were taken in and provided for, but the father died soon, leaving his son to the charity of Plunkett's parents. He left to his son nothing but a ring, with the injunction to present it to the Queen if ever he should be in distress. The two foster-brothers come to the Fair with the purpose of engaging help for their farm, which has been left to their management by their mother, just deceased. Here they are struck with the personal appearance of Lady Harriet and her maid, and offer to engage them. The Lady and Nancy, who relish this joke exceedingly, accept the offer and take the earnest-money, unaware that thereby they are bound in law to serve them for the space of one year. When they want to leave the Fair, the farmers detain them. Tristan's interference is useless, and as Lady Harriet does not wish to reveal her name and character, lest her reputation should suffer by it, she is obliged to mount with Nancy the farmer's wagon and drive off with them.

Arrived at the farm, the foster-brothers soon find out that their new servants know absolutely nothing of their duties. But as Lionel is quite smitten with the Lady, and Plunkett pleased with the maid, their domestic incapacity is excused. Nancy teases Plunkett, who in his turn gets angry. The maid, frightened, runs away to hide in the kitchen, pursued by Plunkett. Lionel, left alone with his new servant (who has adopted the name of Martha), makes advances. Lady Harriet answers evasively. Asked to sing, the Lady treats him to the old Irish ballad, *The Last Rose of Summer.* Lionel, who now is completely enamored, asks her to become his wife. Lady Harriet laughs at him. They are interrupted by Plunkett and Nancy, the latter just caught after a hard chase. The clock strikes midnight, and masters and servants part to go to rest. Then Tristan, who has followed the track of the prisoners, enters through a window and assists in the escape of the ladies. Plunkett, who in his apartment has heard loud talking in the hall, comes in again, meaning to send the servants to bed, whom he thinks up yet and chattering. Seeing the window open, and hearing the noise of carriage wheels dying away in the distance, he becomes alarmed, thinks they have been robbed, and calls in Lionel. They become aware of the flight of

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their servants; Plunkett rings the large bell out in the farmyard; the whole neighborhood assembles; they hear what has transpired, and all start in pursuit of the fugitives, who, however, make good their escape.

A little while after this occurrence, the Queen, with the ladies of her court—among whom are Lady Harriet and her maid—hunt in a forest adjoining the village of which Plunkett's farm forms a part. Accidentally, Plunkett and Lionel fall in with a party of huntresses, headed by Lady Harriet. They recognize their former servants, but the ladies deny all knowledge of them. Their cortège comes to their assistance, and the two farmers are about to be arrested when Lady Harriet, who is at last touched by Lionel's wild grief, causes them to go off unharmed, stigmatizing them as madmen, unworthy of serious notice. Lionel, driven almost frantic by the cruel calmness with which Martha pretends not to know him, bethinks himself that he has the ring left him by his father. He entrusts it to Plunkett, and as the Queen is passing by, Plunkett immediately delivers it to her. By means of this ring it is found out that Lionel is the only son of the late Earl of Derby, who ended his days in disgrace, into which he unjustly had fallen. Queen Anne causes the title and all the possessions of the late Earl to be restored to the son by an Act of Parliament.

Lady Harriet has, after the unfortunate meeting in the forest, become aware that she is deeply in love with Lionel, and now, anxious to re-establish herself in the favor of the new-created count, contrives to be the first one to communicate to him the news of his parentage. But Lionel receives her coldly, and when the lady, who is a prey to the most violent feelings of affection towards Lionel, and of remorse for having repulsed him so harshly, offers her hand to him, and, kneeling, prays him to accept her, he even then cannot overcome the bitter feeling in his heart towards the false and cruel lady. But the indefatigable Lady Harriet, with the assistance of Plunkett, who in his alarm for the health, and even life of his foster-brother, was easily persuaded to take part in the scheme, contrived still another plan to bring about a reconciliation. A part of the lady's park is artfully transformed into a facsimile of the market-place at Richmond. Farmers and servants appear, a counterfeit sheriff presents himself, and the lady in her peasant's dress mingles with the throng. Hither Lionel is conducted. At the sight of Lady Harriet in the costume of a servant all his former love for her comes back, and the two lovers are at last united. So are Plunkett and Nancy; and the curtain descends on two happy couples.

MARTA
(MARTHA)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Toilet Chamber of Lady Harriet, richly furnished.

Lady Harriet, Nancy, Ladies in attendance.

Chorus.

Why these gloomy clouds of sadness
Overshadowing thy brow?
Why should laughing mirth and gladness
Vanish from our presence now?
Round thee of thy friends' devotion
Glittering presents witness bear:
Jewels, laces, silks and satins
Wait to deck a form so fair.

Nancy

(Presenting a nosegay.)

Flowers are these Sir Tristan sends you.

Lady.

Ah! their odor sickens me!

Nancy

(Presenting a set of jewelry.)

Diamonds which the richest envy.

Lady.

Ah, they blind; I cannot see.

Nancy.

Lady!

Lady.

Leave me!

Nancy.

Mistress!

Lady.

Leave me!
Go ye who my joys have known;
Sorrows want not your attendance,
Sorrow bears its weight alone.

Chorus.

Why these gloomy clouds of sadness,
Overshadowing, &c.

(The Ladies retire.)

ATTO I.

SCENA I.—Salotto di Lady Enrichetta, con serone.

Lady Enrichetta, Nancy, Donne.

Coro.

Tu più vaga d' una stella,
Dell' Aprile il più bel fior,
Tu gentil, leggiadra e bella,
Il desio di tutti i cor,
Perchè mai solinga e mesta
Viver vuoi, giovin beltà,
Ne t' alletta alcuna festa
All' aurora dell' età?

Nancy

(Presentandole un mazzolino di fiori.)

Questi fior di Sir Tristano?

Enrichetta.

Non li voglio; serba i fior.

Nancy

(Offrendole un monile di gemme.)

Questo dono d' un sovrano?—

Enrichetta.

Ahi! per me non ha valor.

Nancy.

Ma—

Enrichetta.

Mi lascia.

Nancy.

Oh! s'io—

Enrichetta

(Interrompendola con impazienza.)

Nè sola
M' è concesso di restar!
Ogni voce, ogni parola
Fa più crudo il mio penar.

Coro.

Tu più vaga d' una stella,
Dell' Aprile il più bel fior, ec.

(Le Donne partono.)

SCENE II.—Lady Harriet and Nancy.

Nancy.
Dearest mistress—

Lady.
Ah, these tears! They ease my bosom!

Nancy.
Tears? And why?

Lady.
I know it not!

Nancy.
Excellent cause! Desire for love
Is moving, hap, your virgin heart.

Lady.
Love, in me?

Nancy.
Yes. Cupid's arrows
Travel with the speed of lightning.

SCENA II.—Lady Enrichetta e Nancy.

Nancy.
Mesta ognor?—

Enrichetta.
Pianger verrei!

Nancy.
Perchè mai?

Enrichetta.
Perchè ?—Nòl so.

Nancy.
Io svelave vel potrei,
Se il chiedessi al vostro cor.

Enrichetta.
Chiedil pure.

Nancy.
Amor soltanto
Di quel pianto—io credo autor.

QUESTO DUOL — *OF THE KNIGHTS*

NANCY
Andante
Que - sto duol che si — v'af - fan - na, mel cre - de - te,
Of the Knights so brave and — charm-ing Who sur-round our
vien dal cor, mel cre - de - te vien dal cuo - re, la tri -
gra-cious queen, And them-selves with wit are arm-ing, Some one
stez - za che — ti - ran - na, vi co-pri - va di pal-lor,
has so luck - y — been, — Your cold.haught-y heart to win!
ad lib.
lo so ben, tri - stez - za, duo - lo, ven-gon sol dal cuo - re!
Is there aught in this a - larm-ing? Is there aught a - larm - ing?

Lady.

Vain belief! how can rejoice me
Such insipid, idle love?
For to please and interest me
Flattery is not enough!

Nancy.

Riches heap on you their treasures
Honor high is offered you.

Lady.

In the midst of gold and pleasures
Weariness alone I see.

Enrichetta.

Ah! t' illudi; invano il cielo
Per amar mi dava un cor;
Come langue fior pel gelo
Io mi struggo nel dolor.

Nancy.

Quai fantasmi vi create!
Via scacciate—quel martìr.

Enrichetta.

Con me stesso anch' io m' adiro,
Nè più aspiro—che a morir.

LE SUL LABBRA—*THAT IS REALLY TOO DISTRESSING*

NANCY
Le_ sue lab-bra non dis-ser-ra il sor-ri-so dell' a-mor, non v'ha
That is_ real-ly too dis-tress-ing; Hers is call'd a bril-liant lot? If_ not,
gio-ja sul-la ter-ra che le-nis-ca il suo do-lor, non_ v'ha
love does work a won-der Fades this flow'r and blos-soms not! It_ is_
gio-ja sul-la ter-ra che le-nis-ca il suo do-lor! le_ sue
real-ly too dis-tress-ing, Hers is call'd a bril-liant lot! If_ not,
cresc.
lab-bra non dis-ser-ra, il_ sor ri-so dell' a-mor, non v'ha
love does work a won-der, Fades this flow'r, and blos-soms not, Fades this
gio-ja sul-la ter-ra che_ le-nis-ca il duol, non v'ha
flow'r, and blos-soms not, ah, fades_ and blos-soms not, If_ not,
cresc.
gio-ja sul-la ter-ra che le nis-ca il mio do-lor,_ che le
love does work a won-der, Fades this flow'r and blos-soms not,_ If_ not,

Nancy.

Balls and tournaments are giving,
And your colors win the prize,
Proudly from the banners waving,
While the victor vainly sighs
For a smile from your fair eyes,
Which his armor penetrated!

Lady.

All my glowing ardent wishes
Please me not, are they fulfilled!
What a happiness I dreamed
Always has disgust instilled.
The homages they offer,
Praise and honor they bestow
Leave me joyless, once obtained
Do not make with pride me glow.

Nancy.

Then, from ennui to save you,
Nothing is for you remaining
But to let your heart be conquered,
Not a particle retaining!

SCENE III.—Tristan announced by a footman, and the same.

Footman.

Sir Tristan of Mickleford!
Member of the house of Lords!
Knight, with many orders honored—

Lady

(Interrupting him.)

We will spare you the remainder

Tristan

(Entering.)

Most respected, gracious cousin,
Lady of Her Majesty—
Most respectfully I venture—

Lady

(Impatiently.)

Quick, my lord, for time doth flee.

Tristan.

May I inquire—

Nancy.

Danze, corse, giostre e feste
Voi dovreste—qui veder;
Tutto brilla a voi d'intorno
Tutto invita quì a goder;
Cada il sole, nasca il giorno
Non irradia che il piacer.

Enrichetta.

Chi può dir dov' è la calma
Che vorrei nè so trovar!
Chi può dir perchè quest' alma
E dannata a sospirar!
Preda son d' arcane ambasce,
Non so più se m' abbia un cor,
Non m' allegra il dì che nasce,
Non m' attrista il dì che muor.

Nancy.

Sol l' amore il vostro tedio
Dissipar bandir potrà;
Altre uccide il suo rimedio
Ma la vita a voi darà.

SCENA III.—Sir Tristano annunziato da un Servo, i precedenti.

Servo

(Annunziando.)

Sir Tristan di Mickleford
D'Inghilterra pari e lord
Baronetto e gran scudiero!—

Enrichetta

(Interrompendolo.)

Basta, basta, via, ciarliero!

Tristano

(Entrando.)

Vezzosissima cugina
Cui l' eguale il ciel non fe',

(Prostrandosi.)

Bella lady a voi s'inchina—

Enrichetta

(Impaziente.)

Dite subito, che c' è?—

Tristano.

Oso chieder—

Lady.
You may, Sir.

Tristan.
If the night has brought you rest,
And for new diversions zest?

Lady.
Answer, Nancy!

Nancy
(To Tristan.)
Little, Sir.

Tristan.
Deign to listen to the programme
I've laid out for us to-day:
Luncheon at the donkey-races—

Nancy.
(Incomplete without my Lord!)

Tristan.
Then a promenade—

Lady.
Not with me, Sir!

Tristan.
Then a horse-race—

Lady
(Ironically.)
Where you will
Through the lightness of your body
Surely win all the prizes.
(Aside.)
Ah, what madness, gross and glaring,
What display of vanity;
Idle fancies make him daring,
And he feigns to sigh for me.

Tristan.
See her smiling and delighted
My devotion to behold.
Yes, to move her heart of marble
Takes a lover shrewd and bold.

Nancy
(To Tristan.)
See her smiling and delighted
Your devotion to behold;
Press your suit with fire and ardor,
Be a lover brave and bold.

Tristan
(To Lady.)
Tournament?

Enrichetta
(Come sopra.)
Più spedito!

Tristano.
Se vi posso dir buon dì,
E se avete ben dormito—

Enrichetta
(A Nancy.)
Dillo tu.

Nancy.
Così, così.

Tristano.
Dimandar volea del pari,
Ma vorreste oggi goder
D' una corsa di somari—

Nancy.
Vi farete là veder?—

Tristano.
Ma sapete—

Enrichetta
(Con impazienza.)
So ogni cosa.

Tristano.
Che voi siete—

Enrichetta.
Il resto io so.
Una spina in core ascosa
Voi serbate. E vero o no?
(Ah! che matto! che figura!
Vecchio, brutto, e chiede amor!
No, che egual caricatura,
Scimia ugual non vidi ancor!)

Tristano.
Voi ridete; segno è questo
Che fo breccia in bel cor.
Come no, se vispo e lesto
Cuginetta, io sono ancor!

Nancy.
Ella ride; segno è questo
Che gradisce il vostro amor.
E fa ben, chè vispo e presto,
Sir Tristano, siete ancor.

Tristano
(Ad Enrichetta)
Corse al prato?—

Lady.
Bah! my fan, Sir!

Tristan
(Fetches and presents it.)
Boat excursion?

Lady.
Please my perfume!
(Tristan fetches it as before.)

Nancy.
(His love evaporates already.)

Lady.
How chilly feels the air!
Would you close the window, cousin?
(Tristan goes and shuts it.)

Tristan
(Aside.)
Camp-work!

Lady.
Oh! this atmosphere—
Air—the window—

Tristan.
Open?

Lady.
Aye, Sir!
(Tristan re-opens it.)

Nancy.
(My lord's running for the prize!)
(Here the song of Servant-girls, bound for the Fair at Richmond, is heard from outside.)

Enrichetta
(A Tristano.)
Il mio ventaglio.

Tristano
(Va a prendere il ventaglio e lo dà a Lady Enrichetta.)
In battelo?—
(Tristano va a prenderli come sopra.)

Enrichetta
(A Tristano.)
I fior—No, sbaglio.
(Lascia i fiori.)

Nancy.
(Gli fa fase il burattino.)

Enrichetta.
Oh! qual vento dal giardino!
Quel veron chiuder volete?
(Tristano lo chiude.)

Tristano.
Cacce?—

Enrichetta.
Ed ora il caldo è troppo!—
Aprite! Aria!—

Tristano.
Aprir?

Enrichetta.
Correte.
(Tristano lo riapre.)

Nancy.
(Il galoppo—vi conviene
L'esercizio, vi fa bene.)
(S'ode venir dalla via il canto delle contadine che vanno alla fiera di Richmond.)

QUI VENIAM—*LIGHT AND GAY*

CHORUS
Allegretto

Qui ve - niam, lie - te in cor, non chie - diam che la - vor, gua - da -
Light and gay, All the day, Street and lane, Hill and plain, Rings a -
gnar noi vo - gliam, co - me far, ser - ve siam! Qui ve - niam, lie - te in
long Mer - ry song Till the night Si - lence bids. Light and gay All the

cor, non chie - diam che la - vor, gua - da - gnar noi vo - gliam co - me
day, Street and lane, Hill and plain, Rings a - long Mer - ry song Till the
f
p
far, ser - ve siam! Qui ve - niam lie - te in cor, Ser - ve siam - o in cer - ca an -
night Si - lence bids! Pleas - ure starts, Glee im - parts Cheer - ful songs to youth - ful
f
p
diam d'un pa - dron che sia buon, se cer chia - mo lc tro - viam!
hearts; Trav - 'ling thus, Sor - row - less, Are we to the Rich - mond mart.

Lady.
Hark, what sounds?

Nancy.
How gay a chorus!

Tristan.
Gay? Pshaw! Common, Miss, say I.

Lady.
Happy people these must be!

Tristan.
Know these people happiness?
(The Chorus is repeated outside.)

Nancy
(Who has gone to the window, and looked at the singers.)
To the Servants' Fair, at Richmond,
These plump lasses way are making,
Where the sturdyminded farmers
Smart survey of them are taking.
Carrying each a bundle light,
And their bonnets flower-decked,
To the dance first, then to work
Wander they, with lightsome hearts!

Tristan.
Dull affair!

Nancy.
Time-honored custom!

Lady.
Ah! most charming rural scene!
Could I, unknown, with them mingle
On the luscious village green!

Enrichetta
(Ascoltando.)
Quali voci!-

Nancy.
E come liete!

Tristano.
Dan fastidio e nulla più.

Tristano.
(Ignorante servitu!)
(S' odono di nuovo le voci delle serve venar dalla via.)

Nancy.
Son le serve; ho indovinato
Delle voci il lieto suon,
Di Richmond vanno al mercato,
Sono in cerca d'un padron.
Non han dote; il lor tesoro
Son le braccia è l'onestà,
Ma se povere son d'oro
Ricche son d'ilarità.

Tristano.
Strana fiera!

Nancy.
Così si usa.

Enrichetta.
S'io potessi!—Qual pensier!
Con le serve anch' io confusa
Del mercato il brio veder.

Tristan.
Absurd wish this!

Lady.
How obliging!
Follow I shall my fancy now,
Just to tease your noble Lordship!

Tristan.
Lady! Cousin! Hear I right?

Lady.
Nancy, find us peasant dresses,
To those lasses garments mated!

Tristan.
Might I ne'er thus see you humbled!

Lady.
Humbled, cousin? Elevated!
(Laughing.)
New-made rustics at a hop,
Martha, Nancy, and Sir Bob!

Tristan.
Who is Bob?

Lady.
Bob are you!

Tristan.
No, not I! Be Bob who may!

Lady
(Approaching him with feigned tenderness.)
How? Tristan! Is this your affection?
Your good heart prompts your consenting.
Take this sign of my relenting!
(Gives him a boquet.)

Tristan
(Sighing.)
Ah!

Lady.
Now, my ever laughing Nancy,
Teach him how the peasants dance!

Tristan.
(When will end these whims tormenting?)

Lady.
Lay aside your graceful manners,
Stiff and heavy move about!

Tristano.
Pazzarella!

Enrichetta.
A me parlate?
Per dispetto lo farò—
Vo' che voi m' accompagniate.

Tristano.
Qual follia! Vi pare!—Ohibò!

Enrichetta.
Ho il vestir da contadina
Del veglion della Regina—

Tristano.
Degradarvi, o ciel! così?

Enrichetta.
Vuo' distrarmi! Va, Nancy,
Presto, pria che inoltri il dì,
Marta io son; Nancy; voi John—

Tristano.
Marta, John—ma dove son?

Enrichetta.
Marta io son, John siete voi.

Tristano.
John! io John! oh, questo no.

Enrichetta
(Avvicinandosi a lui e facendogli delle moine.)
E d' amarmi dici poi?
Chi ricusa amar non può.
Brami dunque ch'io ti preghi?
Un capriccio a me tu neghi?
Vedi, a te serbai quei fior.
(Prende i fiori e glieli dà.)

Tristano
(Sospirando e cedendo.)
Ah!

Enrichetta.
La danza del contado
Or, Nancy, gli dèi mostrar.

Tristano.
Con questi abiti! Vi par!

Enrichetta.
Presto! in collera già vado—
(Con dolcezza.)
Via, cugin, non mel negar.

Nancy.
Feet bent outward, bold and wayward,
Briskly, crisply stamp the floor;
Hat knocked shapeless, half tipped over.
Reel and swagger to and fro!

Tristan.
Ah, how can I?

Lady.
'Tis my pleasure!

Tristan.
Never! no!

Lady.
From left to right!

Tristan.
I, a Lord!

Nancy.
A noble sport!
You'll easily catch the spirit, my lord!
Tra, la, la.
(They make him dance.)

Lady.
Quicker move you—

Nancy.
'Twill improve you!

Tristan.
Mercy! I'm out of breath.

Lady.
Less of polish!

Nancy.
Imitate, Sir, genuine nature.

Tristan.
Nature. How? It were my death.

Lady.
What prodigious agility!
Bravo! bravo! what vigor!

Tristan.
What tormenting exercises!
Enough! Or I shall faint!

Nancy.
How graceful, what handsome bearing!
I cannot help admiring him!

Nancy.
Attenzione' il ballo è questo
(Mostrando la danza del villaggio.)
Si va in giro, snello il piè.
Più si va, più si fa presto,
Di galoppo andar si de'.

Tristano.
E dovrei?—

Enrichetta
(Insistendo.)
Ma sì, consenti.

Tristano.
Un mio pari!

Nancy.
Stiamo attenti!

Tristano.
Come! un lord!

Nancy
(Predendolo per mano.)
Badate a me.
Ecco qua—come si fa:
Tra, la, la, lara, la la.
(Le fa ballare.)

Enrichetta.
Com' è svelto!

Nancy.
Com' è bello!

Tristano.
(Ahi! che fiato non ho più.)

Enrichetta.
Che bel tipo!

Nancy.
Che modello!

Tristano.
(Se ancor dura casco giù.)

Enrichetta.
Che prodigio! che sveltezza!
Bravo! bravo! qual vigor!

Tristano.
Che tormento! che stanchezza!
Basta! basta! ho male al cor.

Nancy.
Oh! che grazia!—che bel torso!
Non son sazia—d'ammirar.

Tristan.

(I look very much like a bear
Whom monkies are forcing to dance.)

(Exeunt dancing.)

SCENE IV.—Market-place at Richmond.—Tents, shops, tables, benches, &c.—Farmers, Peasants, afterwards Servants.

Chorus.

Maidens, bright and fair,
Draw near, draw near; free is the Fair!
Hither hasten quick;
Through diligence lies the way to luck!
Haste you, hasten, cheerful lasses,
Be not tardy on your way,
For the Fair will soon be open,
And advancing is the day.
Done! and the bargain consummated
Neither party can undo it;

(With joy.)

Is the servant faithful, honest,
Neither party then will rue it.
They are coming, gaily singing;
Let us meet them, welcome bringing.

(Servants enter.)

Chorus of Servants.

Light and gay, all the day,
Street and lane, hill and plain,
Rings along merry song
Till the night silence bids.
Pleasure starts, glee imparts
Cheerful song to youthful hearts
Travelling thus sorrowless
Are we to the Richmond mart.

Farmers.

Maidens bright, maidens fair,
Welcome are: the Fair is free!

Servants.

Travelling has made us weary,
Let's disperse, seeking rest!

(Disperse.)

SCENE V.—Lionel and Plunkett.

Plunkett.

What clattering, what a prattling,
Volleys of bewildering sound!
Healthy tongues, that know their business,
In this motley crowd abound.
Well, my brother, a selection
Hast thou made with circumspection?

Tristano.

(La figura fo dell' orso
Che le scimmie fan danzar!)

SCENA IV.—La piazza di Richmond—Betteghe, panche, deschi, sgabelli—Fattori, Contadini, poi le Serve.

Fattori.

Accorrete, giovinette,
Accorrete! a che tardar?
Quì venite, ingenue e schiette,
Non vi fate più aspettar!
Il più vago corsaletto.
Ed un nastro porporin,
Dee fregiare il vostro petto,
Intrecciarsi al vostro crin.
Su!
Se sarete oneste e buone,
Se il lavoro si farà!
Troverete un buon padrone,
Che per voi riguardi avrà!
Accorrete, giovinette
Non vi fate più aspettar.
Senza valide servette
Non possiamo qui restar.
Ecco giungono al villaggio
Restiam quì sul lor passaggio.

Coro di Servitore.

Qui veniam liete in cor
Non chiediam che l'avor,
Guadagnar noi vogliam
Come far serve siam!
Qui veniam liete in cor
Serve siam, in cerca andiam
D'un patron che sia buon
Le cerchiamo lo troviam.

Coro di Fattore.

Tutte qui non tardar
Da gran tempo v'aspettiam!

Coro di Servitore.

Dal matin noi corriamo
Stanche già ci affrettiam!

SCENA V.—Plumkett e Lionello.

Plumkett.

Quante voci! quante grida.
Che terribile frastuon!
Quì le serve il lucro guida;
Vanno in cerca d'un padron.
Tu, fratello, almen lo spero,
La tua scelta hai fatta già!

Lionel.

Ah! what for?

Plunkett.

What for? Assistance
On our farm we sadly need—
Which (our mother hath so willed it)
Now together we must keep.

Lionel.

Blessed be her memory ever!

Plunkett.

Aye! she was an excellent soul;
Such a manager was never
Born to bustle, to control.
Thine were always her caresses;
Tender hearted! well they might;
I, more sturdy, got the scoldings:
As her child, they were my right.

Lionel.

You dear brother!

Plunkett.

Thou art calling
Not a soul to love thee, thine;
Friends and kinsmen never knew'st thou,
Should not then their place be mine?

Lionello.

E perchè?

Plumkett.

Perchè? Davvero
Strana in chiesta tu mi fai!
Nel morir la madre, il sai,
Disse: "Or chi ti guiderà?"

Lionello.

Sia dal cielo benedetta!

Plumkett.

Fu paziente, fu amorosa,
Pei suoi figli senza posa
Fu veduta lavorar—
Le carezze, i baci suoi
Tutti furono per te.
Sgarbi e busse erano poi
Riserbati solo a me.

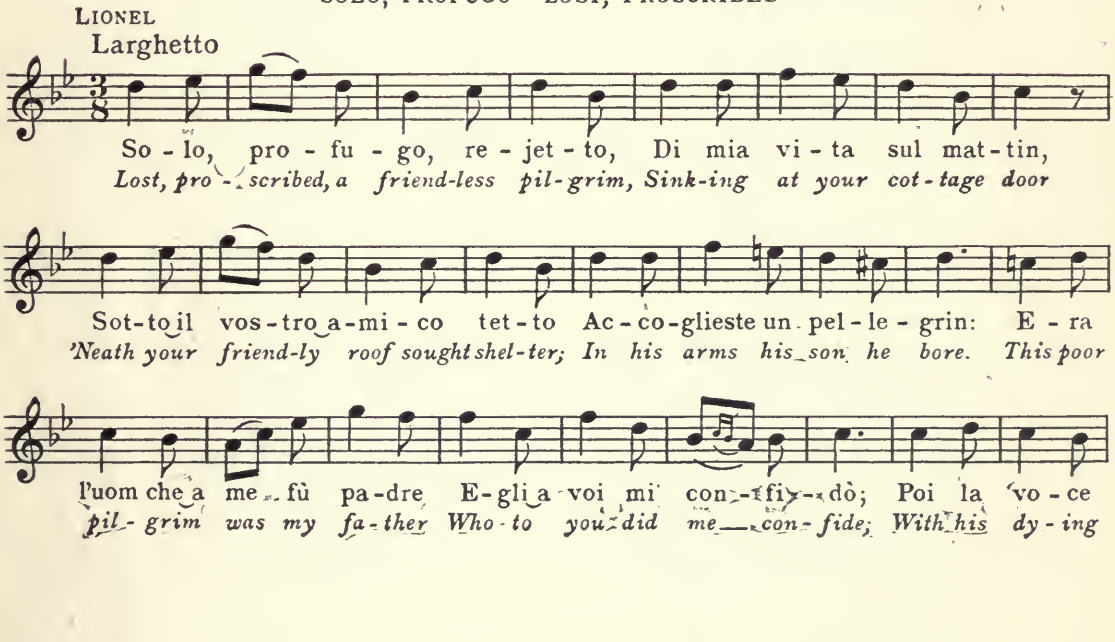
Lionello.

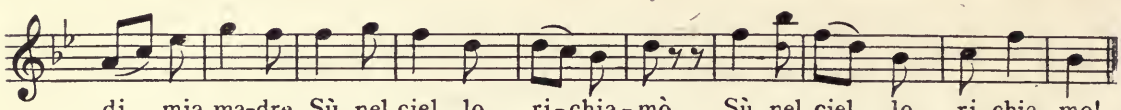
Buon fratello!

Plumkett.

Va, fa core!
Non sei solo, teco io sto.
Per me sacro è il tuo dolore,
Scudo e guida a te sarò.

SOLO, PROFUGO — *LOST, PROSCRIBED*


LIONEL
Larghetto
So - lo, pro - fu - go, re - jet - to, Di mia vi - ta sul mat - tin,
Lost, pro - scribed, a friend-less pil-grim, Sink-ing at your cot - tage door
Sot - to il vos - tro a - mi - co tet - to Ac - co - glieste un pel - le - grin: E - ra
'Neath your friend-ly roof sought shel-ter; In his arms his son he bore. This poor
l'uom che a me fù pa - dre E - gli a voi mi con - fi - dò; Poi la vo - ce
pil - grim was my fa - ther Who - to you did me con - fide; With his dy - ing



breath im-plor-ing That his child through life you'd guide, That his child through life you'd guide!

Plunkett.

We have never learnt his station,
Never learnt your father's rank;
All he left to tell the secret
Is the jewel on your hand.
"If your fate should ever darken,"
Quoth he, "show it to the Queen,
She will save you, she will guard you
When no other help is seen."

Lionel.

Here in peace and sweet contentment
Have I passed my life with you;
Stronger, daily, grew a friendship
That forever lasts, when true.
Brother, think not wealth and splendor,
If perchance they ever be mine,
Can as happy this heart render
As the friendship fixed in thine!

SCENE VI.—A crowd of Farmers and Servants enter—The clock strikes mid-day.

Chorus.

Hark, hark, the bell! In wig and robe
The Sheriff comes the Fair to ope!
Draw near now, lasses, gather round!

Sheriff

(Entering pompously.)

For your government a space
Open, low-bred populace!

Chorus.

For the government leave a space!

Sheriff

(Unfolding a large parchment.)

I shall now the law expound;
Listen all, come close around.
"Anna, we, the Queen of England,"
(Hats off, as I hav't myself:
Never comes amiss politeness,)
"We acknowledge by this Act
These to be the rules exact
Of the yearly Richmond Fair:
That all contracts made with servants
In the open market here,
Shall be binding with both parties

Plumkett.

Nè giammai saper potemmo
Chi foss' ei, donde venià,
Questa gemma sol vedemmo
A te dar mentre moria;
E ti disse: "Se mio figlio
Un pariglio—incontrerà,
Ch' ei la mostri a la sovrana,
Nè a lui vana—tornerà."

Lionello.

Fratel mio, me non seduce.
Delle corti lo splendor,
Non son vago d' altra luce
Che del raggio dell' amor.
Pace amica quì godiamo,
Regna quì la libertà,
Le dovizie non cerchiamo,
Un tesoro è l'amistà.

SCENA VI.—Fattori e Serve arrivando in folla; i precedenti.—Suona mezzo-dì.

Coro.

Ecco suona mezzo-dì, il mercato s' apre già,
Tutti pronti siamo quì, lo sceriffo arriverà.
Largo! largo! eccolo qua.
I cont. atti approverà.

Sceriffo.

Nessun s'oda più fiatar,
Sol la legge dee parlar.

Tutti.

Stiam la legge ad ascoltar.

Sceriffo

(Leggendo una pergamena munita di suggelli.)

"Noi, Regina d'Inghilterra—
(V'inchinate come me
Che m' inchino sino a terra)
Comandiamo e vogliam che
Un contratto—che al mercato
Sarà fatto—di Richmond
S' abbia come stipulato
E di pubblica di ragion."
Chi a servire quì si espone,

For the then ensuing year.
Not a power there is can break them,
If money has been given and taken.
Did you hear?

Chorus.
We knew it this long time

Sheriff.
Now, my girls, we'll learn your virtues.
(One of the servants advances.)
Tell us yours first, Molly Pitt.

First Servant.
I'm in sowing and in mowing,
And in reaping, cutting, sweeping.
Cutting, knitting, dresses fitting,
Quite expert, believe me, Sir.

Sheriff.
Price, four guineas! Who'll engage her?

A Farmer.
I will run the risk and danger.

Sheriff.
What can you do, Polly Smith?

Second Servant
(Advancing.)
I'm at baking, pudding making,
Roasting, broiling, stewing, boiling,
Sweets abounding, cakes compounding,
Rated as a first rate hand.

Sheriff.
Price, five guineas! Who will try her?

A Farmer's Wife.
I will, Mister City-crier!

Sheriff.
What can you do, Betsy Witt?

Third Servant
(Advancing.)
To my master I shall prove me
Faithful warden of the garden,
Digging, sowing, reaping, mowing,
And the poultry feeding well.

Sheriff.
Kitty Bell and Liddy Well,
And Nelly Box and Sally Fox!

Quando l'arra ricevè,
Per lo meno il suo padrone
Tutto un anno servir de'.
E cosi?

Coro.
Nessun s' oppone.

Sceriffo.
Or lasciatevi veder—
(Fa avanzar una delle serve e l' interroga.)
Tu, Molly, che puoi saper?

Molly
(Avanzandosi)
Io cucino, orlo, ricamo,
Riposare mai non bramo.
Spacco legna, vengo, vo,
Ed in ozio—non mi sto.

Sceriffo.
Quattro lire! chi la vuole?

Un Fattore.
Qua son io! non più parole.

Sceriffo
(Chiamando una seconda serva, ed interrogandola.)
Tu, Tolly, che sai tu far?

Tolly
(Avanzandosi)
Fo le torte, fo il vin mosto,
Fo le creme, il bove arrosto
Per cucire e per lavar,
Me nessuna, può uguagliar.

Sceriffo.
Cinque lire! Chi la prende?

Sceriffo
(Come sopra, chiamandone una terza.)
Betly, vieni, spetta a te.

Betly.
Curo i polli, fo il bucato,
Tesso, filo, inaffio il pratto,
Fo il pudding, il burro, il thé,
Sempre pronta, sempre in pié.

Sceriffo
(Alle altre.)
Kitty Bell, e Liddy Well,
Nelly Box, e Jally Fox—

Chorus.

I can well take care of babies,
Feed them, dress them, rock to sleep them.
Chickens, pigeons, ducks
I know how to provide for.
I would try it, if I can,
With some nice old gentleman,
Lone old widower he might be,
With no other help but me.

Sheriff.

Your cackling stop! You make me deaf!

Farmers.

Ready to trade we are;
Look ye for masters now!
(All gather round the magistrate.)

SCENE VII.—Lady Harriet, Nancy, Tristan, in peasant's dresses; afterwards Lionel and Plunkett.

Lady.

Forward, Bob! What! need you pulling?

Nancy.

Bob, my friend, why look so sour?

Tristan.

Bob? oh fie! (There's no escaping
Since I am in Amor's power!)

Lady & Nancy.

How with full contentment beaming
Every sunburnt face appears!

Tristan.

I'm with rage and anger teeming,
And can scare withhold my tears.

Plunkett

(Entering with Lionel.)

Thunder! there's a brace of darlings!

Lionel.

Aye, indeed, they're young and fair!

Plunkett.

Much too fair for heavy labor.

Lionel.

For housework too?

Plunkett.

That they might bear.

Tutti

(Rispondono simultaneamente.)

I bambini cullo ed amo
Come fosser figli miei.—
Buona a tutto quì mi chiamo,
Non so cosa non farei—
Posso dir che una gallina
Fa per me quattr' ovi al dì.—
Non mi vanto, ma in cucina
Chi mi tenne s' arrichì.

Sceriffo

(Turandosi le orecchie.)

Che gridìo, che scampanar!

Coro.

Il contratto—è bell' e fatto,
La caparra ho avuta già.
(Viano.)

SCENA VII.—Lady Enrichetta (Marta), Nancy, Sir Tristano, tutti e tre da Contadini; poi Lionello e Plumkett.

Enrichetta.

Vieni, John, già staneo sei!

Nancy.

Caro John! perchè temer!

Tristano.

John! John! Via! partir vorrei!
Se si giunge ciò a saper!

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Che delizia! che contento!
Ben facemmo di venir.

Tristano.

Che vergogna! che tormento!
Perche volli consentir!

Plumkett

(Arrivando.)

To'! due giovani donnette!

Lionello.

Hai ragion, son belle inver!

Plumkett.

Troppo belle per servette.

Lionello.

Chi saran!

Plumkett.

Lascia veder.

Tristan.
Note these fellows keenly staring!
Let's be gone!

Lady & Nancy.
We're pleased to stay.

Tristan.
Quite suspicious is their bearing.
Come, be gone!

Lady.
No; I'm your servant not,
Nor is such place to my liking.

Tristan.
Nonsense! Stay then; be it so.

Nancy
(Seeing herself observed by Plunkett and Lionel.)
(To Tristan.)
Well, I think you'll have to face it
If with you she will not go!

Lady.
No, with him I will not go.

Plunkett & Lionel.
You hear it, Sir?
She will not go.

Plunkett.
Comfort take! There's others yet.
Girls! you yonder! Hither hasten;
Here's a bidder, guinea laden!

Tristan.
How malicious!

Lady & Nancy.
Fun delicious!
(The girls come forward and surround Tristan.)

All.
I'm in sowing, and in mowing, &c.

Lady & Nancy.
How they bother and distress him
With tumultuous noises press him!
Closer round him draws their circle,
And he yields in awkward flight!

Tristan.
My dilemma is dismaying!
Naughty witches, stop your braying!

Tristano
(Sotto voce alla donne,)
Dai villan par che ci osservi;
Andiam via.

Nancy.
Perchè? restiamo.

Tristano.
Dai villan' Dio mi preservi!
Su, partiamo—

Enrichetta.
Nol vogliamo.
(Con voce alta.)
Non v' accetto per padrone!

Tristano
(Sotto voce.)
Vi dovreste—vergognar!

Nancy.
Ma qual dritto, qual ragione
Voi vorreste—esercitar?

Enrichetta.
Serva d' altro mi vo' far.

Plumkett e Lionello
(Avanzandosi.)
Non sarà così forzata,
Se con vio non vuole andar.

Plumkett.
Lo lasciate, nol seguite
Quì venite;—più gradite
Voi sarete ad un padrone.

Tristano.
(Qual supplizio!)

Enrichetta e Nancy.
Hanno ragione!
(Le serve tornando, parlando tutte insieme e circondando Tristano.)

Coro.
Io cucino, fo il ricamo, ec.

Enrichetta e Nancy.
Che fracasso! quanto Chiasso!
Qual delizia! qual letizia!
Più che n' odo—più ne godo!
Circondato John han già.

Tristano.
Mi lasciate—non gridate!
Che romore—che fragore!

To appease them nought availeth,
Reason faileth,
Flight alone may save me yet.

(Tristan retreats from the stage, followed by the servant girls.)

SCENE VIII.—Lady Harriet, Nancy, Plunkett, Lionel.

Lady.
Nancy! See them eye us keenly!

Nancy.
Yes, we please, for all I know.

Plunkett
(To Lionel.)
One of them would suit exactly.

Lionel.
Would you separate them? No!

Lady
(To Nancy.)
Is he not a bashful fellow?
Wonder how such peasant talks.

Nancy.
Plain, for one thing!

Plunkett
(To Lionel.)
Why so timid?
Go, address them!

Lionel.
Friend, I'm afraid.

Plunkett.
Ah, poltroon! Look how I do it.

(Advances towards the ladies, as if to speak to them, but checks himself and returns.)

Nancy.
He too is dumb! Stupid things!
Let us go.

Lady.
Yes, let us go.

Lionel.
Friend, they're going.

Plunkett.
'Twere too bad.

Indiscrete—quante siete,
Ve n' andate, via di quà!

(Le serve trascinano seco Sir Tristano e viano.)

SCENA VIII.—Lady Enrichetta, Nancy, Plumkett, Lionello.

Enrichetta.
Nancy, guarda che occhi ardenti!

Nancy.
Or vedrem che sapran dir.

Plumkett.
D'invitarle vuoi ch'io tenti?

Lionello.
Cerca, cerca di riuscir.

Enrichetta.
Son sicura—che ha paura.
Come parla un contadin?

Nancy.
Non si parla.

Plumkett.
Via, coraggio?
Parla tu?

Lionello.
Non so che dir.

Plumkett.
Che poltron!—Stammi ad udir.

(Si avanza, tossisce, smozzica le parole e s' interrompe.)

Nancy.
Non dice niente.
Li lasciamo?

Enrichetta
(Avviandosi.)
Immantinente!

Lionello.
Se ne vanno.

Plumkett.
Come far!

IN MIA FE, SON STRANI IN VERO — *NOW INDEED OUR LEAVE*

QUARTET
In mia fè, mia fè son stra-ni in ve - ro, li la - sciam, par-
Now in - deed our leave we may be tak - ing, Since their bash - ful -
tiam ah! si par-tiam di qua! chi sa dir cos' han-no nel pen - sie - ro,
ness thus our en - joy-ment mars. Our bold game at this point ter-mi - nat - ing,
f
se non par-lan chi ca-pir-li sà? In mia fè, mia fè son stra-ni in-ve - ro
Leaves us— but to bless our luck-y stars! Yes in - deed, our leave we may be tak - ing,
ritard.
a tempo
f p
li la - sciam, par - tiam, ah! si, par-tiam di quà; chi sa dir cos'
Since their bash - ful - ness thus our en - joy-ment mars; Our bold game at
han-no nel pen - sie - ro, se non par - lan chi ca-pir li sa?
this point ter-mi - nat - ing, Leaves us— but to praise our luck - y stars!

Lionel & Plunkett.

Such rare chance must not slip by untaken,
Servant girls like these are jewels seldom found!
Those arch looks my heart have sorely shaken;
Not without her shall I leave this place!

Plunkett.

(Courage, Plunkett!)

(Advances resolutely.)

Wait one minute!
You're our choice, girls—have no fears.
If you're honest, smart and thrifty,
May we be together years.

Lionel.

Yes, for years.

Lady.

And serving you, Sir?

Lionello e Plumkett.

Due donzellè più vaghe e più belle,
Come lor, no, la città non ha. non ha,
Son due gemme, sono due stelle,
E il mio labbro a lor dire nol sa!

Plumkett.

(Su coraggio!)

(Si avanza risolutamente.)

Giovinette,
Ci piacete; vi prendiamo;
Se in servir siete provette
Aggiustare ci possiamo.

Lionello

(Imitandolo.)

Vi prendiam.

Enrichetta.

Come servette?

Nancy

(Laughing.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lionel.

You're laughing?

Plunkett.

Let them! Why not, laughing, earn one's money,
If the work is done as well?

Lady & Nancy.

Work? we?

Plunkett

(To Nancy.)

Geese and pigs and chickens
Shall be entrusted to your care.

(To Lady Harriet.)

You shall till with hoe and shovel
Field and garden.

Lionel.

Friend, forbear;
She is poorly built for farming;
She may at home—

Plunkett.

Our socks be darning.
Fifty crowns your yearly wages,
And for extras we'll throw in
Half a pint of ale on Sundays,
And plum pudding New-year's day.

Lady & Nancy.

Who'd refuse such tempting offer?

Lionel & Plunkett.

Yes?

Lady & Nancy.

Yes, yes!

(They shake hands.)

Lionel & Plunkett.

Here—take your money;
For the journey quick prepare!

SCENE IX.—Tristan re-appears upon the stage, still pursued by the Servants.)

Tristan.

Go—leave off—here's money, wenches!
Plague upon your crazy band!

(He throws them a purse; the girls desist. Seeing the Ladies converse with Lionel and Plunkett.)

Nancy

(Ridendo.)

Ah! ah! ah!

Lionello.

Ridete!

Plumkett.

E buono! Le fatiche son più acceptn
Se le serve allegro sono.

Enrichetta e Nancy.

(Noi serviri)

Plumkett

(A Nancy.)

A te i montoni,
Il fenil la scuderia.

(A Lady Enrichetta.)

Tu dovrai la fattoria
Tener netta.

Lionello

(Opponendosi.)

No, no, no,
Nol potria—sì delicata,
Sì gentil—

Plumkett

(Scotendo il capo.)

Ci pensorò.
Lavorate; e in premio avrete
Dieci lire, se vi va.
Ogni festa, se il volete
Un pudding vi si darà.

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Sì, mi piace il vostro patto.

Lionello.

Va?

Enrichetta.

Si, va.

(Si stringone la mano.)

Lionello.

Val per contratto
Questa è l'arra. Ed or partiam.

SCENA IX.—Tristano, sempre parseguitato dalle Serve; e i precedenti.

Tristano.

Ecco quì la somma intera,
Ma partite, per pietà!

(Vedendo Lady Enrichetta tra i due contadini.)

Ho! What's this? You are forgetting—
Come, away!

(Advancing towards Plunkett.)

Plunkett

(Brusquely.)

What may you want?

Lady & Nancy.

Yes, we'll go.

Plunkett.

I'd like to see you!
Money binds you!

Tristan.

To be bor'd!
Know then—

Lady

(Aside to Tristan.)

So you want my ruin?
What if this transpires at court!

Nancy.

We should be disgrac'd forever!
Rather die—but tell them never.

Tristan.

Come then!

(Tries to lead the ladies off.)

Plunkett

(Checking him.)

Remain you!
We have hir'd you for a year;
Ask the sheriff, he'll attest it,
And will show our title clear.

Sheriff & Chorus.

If there's money given and taken
The bargain must remain unshaken.
Yes, the law knows no relenting.
Since you're bound by free consenting,
Nought can free you from your fetters
Now, until a year is o'er!
Aye, lass, the bargain's made!
Aye, lass, the money's paid!
Sacred keep your vows,
And never swerve from duty's path.
Fickle hearts and minds
Are justly shunned by honest men.

(Lady Harriet and Nancy mount with Lionel and Plunkett a farmer's wagon, which is driven up in the rear of the stage. Tristan is kept back by the farmers and peasants. The curtain falls while the ladies depart.

Che mai veggo! Che maniera!
Vi scostate.

(Avanzandosi a Plumkett.)

Plumkett

(Bruscamente.)

Oh! che si fa?

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Or finiam.

Plumkett.

Cosa compiuta!
L'arra aveste.

Tristano.

Impossible!
Sapiate—

Enrichetta.

(Ciel! sarò perduta
Se alla corte si saprà).

Nancy.

(Guai se siete conosciuta,
La Regina che dirà!)

Tristano.

Su, venite.

(Volendo condur via le donne.)

Plumkett

(Opponendosi.)

No, no, affatto!
Per un anno le serbiamo;
Lo sceriffo del contratto
E garante; in dritto siamo.

Tutti.

Quando l'arra avrà accettata
Una serva s' è legato.
Non v' è scusa, non pretesto.
Per un anno! il patto è questo
Per un anno, un anno inter.
Voi sarete in suo potor!

Lionello e Plumkett.

Sì, v' è forza consentir
A servir!
Giovinette, siate oneste
Fedeltà l'impon
A segiure siate
Preste chi di vien padron!

(Plumkett e Lionello prendono le due donne e le conducono viá; Tristano invano vorrebbe opporai; egli è condotto via dai fattori e dalle serve.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The interior of Plunkett's farm-house
Lionel, Plunkett, Lady Harriet and Nancy

Lionel & Plunkett.

This is your future dwelling;
And travelling has an end.

Lady & Nancy.

We're reaping for our folly
Full measured punishment!

Lionel & Plunkett.

Our house and home are yours now,
Their comfort you will share.

Lady & Nancy.

Their house and home are ours now,
O we unhappy pair!

Lionel & Plunkett.

At dawn of day and morn's first glimpse
Be up and stir about.

Lady & Nancy.

What vulgar ways they make us take!
Before the sun is out!
More monstrous things they'll next command
That we never heard about!

Lionel.

And extra crowns your purse will see
Before the year is out!

Plunkett.

Yonder door leads to your chamber.

Lady

(Starting towards it.)

Humbly we—

Nancy.

Wish good night.

Plunkett.

Not quite so fast.
First prepare a light repast.

Lady & Nancy.

Kitchen work! O these barbarians!

Lionel.

Why not let them? They are tired.

Plunkett.

Too much kindness will not do.

ATTO II.

SCENA I.—Interno della fattoria di Plumkett.
Lionello, Plumkett, Lady Enrichetta e Nancy.

Lionello e Plumkett.

Siam giunte, o giovinette
Al nostro casolar.

Enrichetta e Nancy.

(Fuggir non potrem mai
Dovremo qui restar.)

Lionello e Plumkett.

Siam giunte, o giovenette
Al nostro casolar!

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Chi sa se troveremo
Come di quà scappar?

Lionello e Plumkett.

Andiam, fateoi cor!
Mettetevi al lavor.

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Ahimè, ci siam,
Non c' è chi far.
Ahimè, ci siam,
C' è forza lavorar.

Lionello.

Non siate sì dolenti
Si vive allegri qua!

Plumkett.

Questra camera e per voi.

Enrichetta.

A diman!

(Congendandoli.)

Nancy.

A diman!

Plumkett.

Voi fate error;
Pria servir e dormir poi.

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Ah! dal freddo tremo tutta!

Lionello.

Or dal sono cascan già.

Plumkett.

Che vuol dir questa pietà?

Nancy.
(He will send us to the kitchen!)

Plunkett.
Well—but stop! what names bear you?

Lady & Nancy.
We?

Lionel.
Who else then?

Plunkett.
Yes, pray you! Smart ones are you!

Lady.
Martha is mine.

Lionel.
Martha?

Lady.
Yes.

Plunkett
(To Nancy.)
Well, and yours?

Nancy.
(What shall I tell him?)

Plunkett.
Don't you know it?

Nancy.
Julia.

Plunkett.
Julia. You're proudly named, girl!
Julia! be kind enough—
If your ladyship so please it—
(Brusquely.)
To take my hat and mantle off.

Nancy
(Pertly.)
Do it yourself!

Plunkett
(Taken aback.)
Bold! by the prophets!

Lionel
(To Plunkett.)
Not so bluntly give your orders
Rather wishes breathe, like me:
Martha, take these things, prithee!
(Lady Harriet looks at him indignantly and turns away.)

Nancy.
Un capriccio ben paghiamo.

Plumkett.
Ah! non so il vostre nome ancor?

Enrichetta e Nancy.
Noi?

Lionello.
Si, voi.

Plumkett.
Sapere lo vogliamo.

Enrichetta.
Marta è il mio.

Lionello.
Marta?

Enrichetta.
Si!

Plumkett.
Ben, e il tuo?

Nancy.
Che dirgli mai?

Plumkett.
Che? no'l sai?

Nancy.
E Betsy.

Plumkett.
Ah! Betsy? mi piace assai!
Un bel nome! Vieni quì.
To Betsy, fanciulla mia,
(Bruscamente.)
Togli via—questo mantello!

Nancy
(Indignata.)
Io! Giammai!

Plumkett
(In collera.)
Veder vorria!

Lionello
(Trattenendolo.)
Spaventare si potria.—
Come io fo, dirai bel bello:
Marta, prendi il mio cappello.
(Lady Enrichetta gli volge le palle adognosimente.)

Lionel & Plunkett.

Surprised I am and astounded,
And I can say no more;
Such impudence unbounded
Was never seen before.

Lady & Nancy.

Surprised they're and confounded
And sorely puzzled is their brain;
This blow has smartly sounded,
May be they'll never try again?

Plunkett.

Quick now, fetch the spinning-wheels
From out the corner!

Lady & Nancy.

Do you want us then to spin?

Lionel.

Yes, most surely.

Plunkett.

Do you think
That for talking we engaged you?

Lady & Nancy.

Ha, ha, ha! To see us spinning!

Plunkett.

Ha, ha, ha! To see you spinning!
If you want your wages paid
You must earn them first, my maid.
Come and make then a beginning.
Fetch the wheels now!

Lady & Nancy.

We obey, Sir!

Lionel

(To Plunkett.)

Not so harsh, you frighten them.

(The Ladies fetch the wheels and place them in the foreground.)

Plunkett.

Pshaw! Begin then, I command it.

Lady & Nancy.

I cannot!

Lionel & Plunkett.

How? What?
Sit down now!

Lady & Nancy.

We're seated.

(Taking seats behind the wheels.)

Plumkett e Lionello.

(Che dissi mai! L'offendo?
Son colmo di stupor,
Io stesso nol comprendo,
Ne son sopreso amor.)

Enrichetta e Nancy.

(Almeno mi difendo?
Che credono costor?
Sì presto non m' arrendo
Ad un capriccio lor.)

Plumkett.

Presto, presto! andiam, prendete,
Quell' arnese.

(Indicando il filatoio.)

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Filar! che!

Plumkett.

Certamente! ma perchè
A servire vi ponete!

Enrichetta e Nancy

(Ridendo.)

Noi filar! Ah! ah! ah! ah!

Plumkett

(Contraffacendole.)

Ah! ah! ah! si filerà!
Credevate venir qua
Per restar tranquille e a spasso?

(Bruscamente.)

Obbedite.

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Che fracasso!

Lionello

(A Plumkett.)

Le vuoi dunque spaventar?

Plumkett

(Spingendole.)

A filare entrambe, e tosto!

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Nol so.

Lionello e Plumkett.

Che? Nol sai?
Sie die!

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Ci siam!

Plunkett.
Turn the wheel! brr, brr, brr!
(Imitating the noise of the machine.)

Lady & Nancy.
It will not turn!

Lionel.
With your thumb and your first finger
Draw a thread and twist it round.

Lady & Nancy.
But the stubborn wheel won't move, Sir.

Plunkett.
Turn it!

Lady & Nancy.
It turns not.

Lionel.
Push then!

Lady.
It moves not!

Plunkett.
Won't it? Can't you spin then?

Lady & Nancy.
Never learnt it. Teach us!

Plunkett.
Be attentive then!

Lionel & Plunkett
(Spinning.)
When the foot the wheel turns lightly,
Let the hand the thread entwine;
Draw and twist it, neatly, tightly,
Then 'twill be both strong and fine.

Plumkett.
Fatelo girar! Trr! trr! trr!
(Imitando il rumor della ruota.)

Enrichetta e Nancy
(Fermandosi.)
Non vuole andar.

Lionello.
La conocchia in mano abbiate,
Tra le dita il lino va.

Enrichetta e Nancy.
Esser deggiono bagnate?

Plumkett.
Gira.

Enrichetta e Nancy.
Insiem?

Lionello.
Sì.

Enrichetta e Nancy
(Rallentando.)
E che si fa?

Plumkett.
Presto!

Enrichetta e Nancy
(Girando.)
Ancor?

Plumkett.
Così va ben!

Enrichetta.
Lo vorrei vedere almen!

Plumkett.
Si faco si!

Plumkett e Lionello
(Mostrando come si fila Plumkett fu girar il filatoio.)
Mentre il piè la ruota gira,
De la man pigliare il lino;
Poi con garbo il torce e tira,
Perchè venga forte e fino.

DI VEDERLO—*WHAT A CHARMING OCCUPATION*

cresc. poco a poco
ce-re, ah!
come ha fat-to
'Tis too charm-ing,
per sa-pe-re si gra-zio-so e bel me-stier? ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
'tis too cun-ning! What a pleas-ant work is spin-ning! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
ff p
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! Di ve-der-lo, ah!
ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! 'Tis too charm-ing, ah!
fa pia-ce-re, ah!
ah!
cresc. poco a poco
cresc.
come ha fat-to
'Tis too charm-ing!
per sa-pe-re si gra-zio-so e bel me-stier, ah! ah!
'tis too cun-ning! What a pleas-ant work is spin-ning! Ah!
f p
ah! ah! ah! ah!
ah! ah! ah! ah!
si, bel me-stier?
Yes, strong and fine.

Lionel & Plunkett.
Have observed you?
Lady & Nancy.
Yes, we have.
Lionel & Plunkett.
Comprehended?

Lionello e Plumkett.
Lo vedete?
Enrichetta e Nancy.
Lo vediam.
Lionello e Plumkett.
Comprendeste?—

Lady & Nancy.

Yes, we have.

(Nancy turns Plunkett's spinning-wheel over and runs off, followed by Plunkett.)

SCENE II.—Lionel and Lady Harriet.

Lady.

Nancy! Julia! Oh, stay thee!
Heavens! she leaves me here, alone!

(Turns to follow Nancy.)

Lionel.

Stay yet, Martha! Why this hurry?
Art afraid?

Lady.

Of you? oh, no!

Lady.

To his eye, mine kindly meeting,
Evil intent is unknown
Yet my heart is strangely beating
Since I'm left with him alone.

Lionel.

Her clear eyes with looks entreating,
Speak to me in thrills unknown.
And my heart is strangely beating
Since I am left with her alone.

Lionel.

Ah, how could I ever scold her,
Ever speak in unkind tones!
Might I to my heart unfold her!

Lady.

(Whither, Nancy, hast thou fled?
Ah, poor me, she tarries yet!)

Lionel.

Martha! Let me then confess it:
Ever since thine angel face
First appeared before my vision—

Lady.

(Quite alarming is his gaze!)

Lionel.

Martha! Martha!

Lady.

(He grows bolder!)

Lionel.

See, my heart is good and true.

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Comprendemmo.

(Nancy, annoiata, rovescia il filatoio e fuggi inseguita da Plumkett.)

SCENA II.—Lionello e Lady Enrichetta.

Enrichetta.

Nancy—no, Betsy! deh! resta
Ciel! mi lascia sola quì!

(Per seguirla.)

Lionello.

Non fuggir, Marta! t'arresta:
Hai timor?

Enrichetta.

Di voi? No—si—

Enrichetta.

Il suo sguardo e dolce tanto
Che conforto al cor mi da;
In lui fido a lui d'accanto
Di temer ragion non v'ha!

Lionello.

Qual arcano turbamento
Palpiter il sen mi fa?
A lei presso l'alma sento
Che in dolce estasi sen va!

Lionello.

Ah! non credermi crudele,
Farò quel che più vuoi tu.
Al mio patto son fedele.

Enrichetta.

(E Nancy non torna più?
Ah! Nancy dove sei tu!)

Lionello.

M' odi, finger non poss' io;
Io ti vidi, e nel mio cor
S'accendea di te desio—

Enrichetta.

E Nancy non torna ancor!

Lionello.

Marta, ah! Marta!

Enrichetta.

Che volete?

Lionello.

Io gentil con te sarò.

Lady.
Yes, you are a kindly master,
Much more kind than I deserve.

Lionel.
You deserve?

Lady.
I'm but a good for nothing
Little body, Sir! Let me go; your idle servant
Cannot earn the bread you give her!

Lionel.
My heart would break should I send thee away!
No—no work shall e'er dismay you,
But throughout the livelong day
Sing you, to our work us cheering,
Many a gay, melodious lay!
Sing a song to me!

Lady.
I'm too bashful.

Lionel.
Let it be a people's lay,
Sent by God unto the poor.

Lady.
Ah, no!

Lionel
(Taking a nosegay from the lady's bosom.)
I'll exchange this nosegay
For a song!

Lady.
Ah, Sir, you jest!

Lionel.
'Tis my will!

Lady.
Your will?

Lionel.
Nay, I entreat you.

Lady.
Ah! your entreaties I withstand not.

Enrichetta.
Buon padrone voi sarete,
Io la serva far non so.

Lionello.
Come a dir?

Enrichetta.
Sempre ridente,
Non son buona che a scherzar;
Ma pel resto, veramente,
Non son abile a far niente.

Lionello.
Io morrei senza di te!—
Se il lavoro ti spaventa,
Lascia star—non lavorar.
Io veder ti vo' contenta;
Per distrarti puoi cantar.
Va; t' ascolto.

Enrichetta.
In ver non oso—

Lionello.
Te ne prega il tuo padrone
Una piccola canzone.

Enrichetta.
Quale?

Lionello
(Vedendo la rosa che ella ha al corsaletto.)
Questo fior quì ascoso
Sarà mio.

Enrichetta.
Rendete il fior!

Lionello.
No, lo voglio.

Enrichetta.
Il vuol!

Lionello.
Ten prego!

Enrichetta.
Sia così; più non mi nego.
(Canta.)

QUI SOLA, VERGIN ROSA—*'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER*

LADY
Larghetto
Qui so - la, ver - gin ro - sa, come puoi tu fio-
'Tis the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -
rir? An - co - ra mez-zo a-sco - sa, e pres - so già mo-
lone; All her love - ly com - pan-ions Are fa - ded and
rir! Non ha per-te ru - gia - de, già col - ta sei dal
gone; No flow-er of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
ad lib.
a tempo
gel! Il ca - po tuo già ca - de, Chi - no sul ver-de stel!
nigh To re-flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, then lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed—
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

Lionel.

Martha!

Lady.

Master!

Lionel.

My lip confesseth
What hath lived within my heart
Ever since your eye smiled coyly
To me on the Richmond mart.
Martha!

Lady.

Let me!

Sola, così, ignorata
Languir nel tuo giardin,
Dal vento tormentata!—
Crudele è il tuo destin!
Sul cespite tremante
Ti colgo, giovin fior.
Sovra il mio core amante
Così morrai d'amor

Lionello.

Marta!

Enrichetta.

Che?

Lionello.

Nell' alma mia,
Il tuo sguardo penetrò,
All' amore il cor s' apria,
Per te sola viver vo'.
Marta!

Enrichetta.

(Ciel!)

Lionel.
From the moment
When I beheld you—

Lady.
No further!

Lionel.
Martha!

Lady.
Oh, cease thee!

Lionel.
Martha!

Lady.
I go!

Lionel.
O stay thee!

Lady.
I go—

Lionel.
Stay and hear me
Oh, accept in holy union
Here my hand, O be my wife!

Lady.
God what hear I!

Lionel.
See me prostrate—

Lady.
Fearful passion.

Lionel.
At thy feet I pray—

Lady.
(How can I elude him?—)
Sir, I'm not unfeeling,
Yet I shall laugh to see you kneeling
Pardon me! ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lionel.
With our marriage at an ending
Is all difference of birth!

Lady.
Pray excuse me, if offending,
But this does increase my mirth!

Lionello.
Dall' istante
Che ti vide—

Enrichetta.
Tacete!

Lionello.
Marta!

Enrichetta.
Cessate!

Lionello.
M'odi!

Enrichetta.
No!

Lionello.
Deh, m'odi!

Enrichetta.
No!

Lionello.
Resta ancor!
Se non vuoi che al piè ti mora,
Non sprezzare quest' amor.

Enrichetta.
Ciel, che veggo!

Lionello.
Si mi prostro!

Enrichetta.
Che mai fate!

Lionello.
Mi prostro innanzi a te!

Enrichetta.
Ciel! voi prostrato a me?
Ah! voi ridere mi fate,
Ah, perdon! ha, ha, ha, ha!

Lionello.
Sino a me t' innalza amore,
Non rammento chi sei tu.

Enrichetta.
(Sino a lui! L' ingenuo errore
Mi fa ridere ancre più!)

AH, RIDE DEL MIO PIANTO — *SHE'S LAUGHING AT MY SORROW*

LIONEL
Andantino
Ah! ri - de del mio pian-to, giuo-ca col mio do-lor, ed io mi
She's laugh-ing at my sor-row, and at my deep dis-tress; She scorns my
poco animato
strug-go in-tan-to, di non com-pre-so a-mor, non vuol, non vuol la sor-te
soft ap-proach-es, My lov-ing ten-der-ness To share my hum-ble cot-tage
rit.
rit. cresc.
f
por fine al mio sof - frir, mi res-ta sol la mor - te, per
proud-ly the maid dis - dains, In vain my eye is weep - ing, in
LADY
Poco piu mosso
Ah! ri-der del suo pian-to, go - der del suo do-lor
Ah, his eye of sor-row speaking, deep-ly pen-e-trates my heart;
lei sa-prò mo - - rir!
vain my lip com - - plains.
io non vor-rei, ma in tan - to dar-gli non pos-so a-mor! vor-rà, vor-rà la
Sad fate that love so pure and true must live with-out re-ward. His woe-ful looks in-
Non vuol la
To share my

sor - te por fi-ne al suo mar-tir in-vo-chi pur la mor-te,
vite me To share his hum-ble lot. O heav'n pro-tect me kind-ly
sor - te por fi - ne al mio sof-frir, mi res-ta sol la mor-te
hum-ble cot - tage proud-ly the maid dis-dains; in vain my eye is weep-ing,
mà non vor-rà no, no, mo - rir! In-
that he be-guile, be-guile me not. I
per lei, per lei sa-prò mo - rir! Per lei sa - prò mo -
in vain my lip, my lip com-plains. Now hap - pi - ness, fare -
vo - chi pur la mor-te, in - vo - chi pur la mor-te, mà non vor
feel my bo-som yield-ing, I feel my bo-som yield-ing; pro - tect, pro-
rir, mi re - - - - sta sol la
well, fare - well, now hap - pi-
ritard.
ff a tempo
rà mo - rir, mà non vor-rà mo - rir! Vor-rà, vor -
tect me, God, that he be-guile me not! His eye of
ritard.
ff a tempo
mor - te sol, per lei sa-pro mo - rir; Non voul, non
ness, fare - well, now hap-pi-ness, fare - well! If naught to

rà la sor - te por fi - ne al suo mar-tir, in-vo-chi pur la
sor - row speak - ing, deep - ly pen - e - trates my heart, Sad fate that love so
vuol la sor - te por fi - ne al mio sof-frir, mi res-ta sol la
love can move her, heav'n move from me this spell! lest I must bid to
rit.
mor - te mà non vor-rà mo - rir, mà non vor - rà, vor - rà mo - rir!
pure and true, Must go with-out re - ward, with-out re - ward, with-out re - ward!
rit.
mor - te, per lei sa-prò mo - rir, ah! si, per lei sa-prò mo - rir!
hap - pi - ness and peace a sad fare - well, a sad fare - well, a sad fare - well!

SCENE III.—Enter Nancy, pulled in by Plunkett.

Plunkett.

Don't you try this game again, girl!
Where do you suppose she was?
In the kitchen was the vixen
Breaking bottles, glasses, dishes,
And a good deal have I suffered,
Till at last I caught the lass!

Nancy.

Let me go! Don't make me mad, Sir,
Or some scratching you will see!

Plunkett

(Releasing her.)

By the prophets! she has spirit!
I confess, that pleases me!

Nancy.

Martha! Martha!

Plunkett.

Pooh! What's wrong with you now?
Standing as if thunder-struck!
Get yourselves to bed, ye idlers!
Off with you my saucy Puck!

Plunkett & Lionel.

Midnight sounds!

Lady & Nancy.

Midnight sounds!

SCENA III.—Plumkett inseguendo Nancy; i precedenti.

Plumkett.

T' ho raggiunta, sciagurata!

(A Lionello.)

Questa furia sai che fe'?
La stoviglia ha fracassata,
Tutto il vino mi perdè;
Ma in mia mano è capitata,
Or l' avrà da far con me!

Nancy.

Mi lasciate, se no il volto,
Ve l' aggiusto come va.

Plumkett.

Per S. Giorgio! è forte molto!
Ma non deggio usar pietà.

Nancy.

Marta, Marta!

Plumkett.

Che vi manca?
Ch' altro avete a domandar?
La pazienza già si stanca,
Vi potete ritirar.

(Suona mezzanotte.)

Plumkett e Lionello.

Mezzanotte!

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Mezzanotte!

DORMI PUR—*CRUEL ONE, MAY DREAMS*

LIONEL
Andante
Dor-mi pur, mà il mio ri - po - so, tu m'hai tol-to in-gra - to
Cru-el one, may dreams trans-port thee To a fu-ture rich and
cor, ah, e spe-ra-re più non - o - so, un con-for-to al mio do-lor!
blest! ah! And to-mor-row, gent-ly yield-ing, Smile up-on me! Sweet-ly rest!

Plunkett

(To Nancy.)

Sleep thee well, and may thy temper
Sweeter in our service grow;
Still your sauciness is rather
To my liking—do you know?

Lady & Nancy.

Yes, good night! such night as never
We have lived to see before,
Were I but away, I'd never
Play the peasant any more.

Plunkett & Lionel.

Good night!

Lady & Nancy.

Good night!

(Lady and Nancy retire into their chamber, Plunkett and Lionel exeunt by the large door, locking it after them.

SCENE IV.—Lady Harriet and Nancy, coming out of their chamber again.

Lady.

Nancy!

Nancy.

Lady!

Lady.

What begin now?

Nancy.

What advise you?

Lady.

You say first!

Nancy.

Dead of night, and no protector!

Plumkett.

Dormi pur, ma la stoviglia
Che m' hai rotta, io piango ancor
Sei d' un demone la figlia,
Dall' inferno uscita fuor.

Enrichetta e Nancy.

(Del tormento che gli ho dato,
Io rimorso non ho il cor.
Un capriccio abbiam pagato
E la pena dura ancor!)

Plumkett e Lionello.

Buonanotte!

Enrichetta e Nancy.

Buonanotte!

(Lionello, Plumkett si ritirano.)

SCENA IV.—Lady Enrichetta e Nancy.

Enrichetta.

Nancy!

Nancy.

Ebbene?

Enrichetta.

Che facciamo.

Nancy.

Fuggiremo.

Enrichetta.

E bello a dir.

Nancy.

In che modo? dove andiamo?

Lady.
And locked in, which is the worst.

Nancy.
What a fatal day has proved this!

Lady.
Fatal day, more fatal night!

Nancy.
Still—these folks are not unpleasant,

Lady.
Thy are honest—

Nancy
(Archly.)
And polite.

Lady.
If the Queen should hear of it!

Nancy.
What rich stock for courtiers' wit!

(A noise is heard from outside, near the window to the right.)

Lady.
What a noise this? What report?

Nancy.
Steps—a voice—there's succor near!

Tristan
(From outside.)
Cousin! Cousin!

Lady.
Tristan!

Nancy.
'Tis my lord!

Lady.
He will scold—I well deserve it!
But he'll save us!

SCENE V.—Lady Harriet, Nancy; Tristan, entering through the window.

Tristan.
Yes! Here I am!
Cousin! You—in this vulgar habitation!

Nancy.
Hush thee! You'll wake all earth
With such loud talking!

Enrichetta.
Come fare per uscir?

Nancy.
Ah! che dì, che dì funesto!

Enrichetta.
Commettemmo un grave error.

Nancy.
Buona gente son del resto.

Enrichetta.
Franco è il labbro—

Nancy.
Schietto il cor.

Enrichetta.
Se il sapesse la regina!

Nancy.
Ah! ne tremo al sol pensiere!

Enrichetta.
Qual rumor? Chi s'avvicina!—

Nancy.
Una voce!—Un uomo è là.

Tristano
(A destro.)
Lady! Lady!

Enrichetta.
Tristan!

Nancy.
Come quà?

Enrichetta.
Oh! che viso! che figura!
E furente!

SCENA V.—Tristano, e detta.

Tristano.
Che vi par!
Una dama! mia cugina!

Nancy.
Nella camera vicina,
Dorme alcun.

Lady.
Come, away!

Tristan.
Lest we should be heard and taken,
I have left my carriage waiting
At the corner.

Nancy.
Let us fly then!

Lady, Nancy & Tristan.
Fly in haste we, softly treading,
Night's her covering mantle spreading;
Ere a bird heralds the day
Are we off and far away.
(They depart through the window.)

SCENE VI.—Plunkett, then Lionel, afterwards Peasants.

Plunkett.
Ho! this is downright dissipation!
I don't think they've gone to bed yet!
(The noise of carriage wheels is heard dying off in the distance.)
List—a carriage—driving off—
Ha! the window! Lionel, ho!

Lionel
(Entering.)
Here! Didst call me?

Plunkett.
Robbed we are, yes robbed and—
Stop! those servants!
(Bursts open their chamber door.)
Off and gone!

Lionel.
She has gone, she,—my adored?

Plunkett.
And I was so kind to her!

Lionel.
Go, give chase, for my sake, brother,
Give chase, hasten!

Plunkett.
If not quite for your sake, yet
For the sake of law and order
Will I try to fetch them back!
Friends and neighbors! To assistance!
(Rings the great door-bell vehemently.)

Enrichetta.
Zitti! partiamo!

Tristano.
Ho lásciato la vettura
Poco lungi.

Nancy.
Ebbene, andiamo.

A. S.
Fuggiam presto,—andiamo via
Pria che desto—alcuno sia;
Quando lungi ne sarem,
Al villaggio addio direm.
(Partono.)

SCENA VI.—Plumkett, poi Lionello, in ultimo i Contadini.

Plumkett.
Che susurro! che sventura
Non poter dormire!
(S' ode il rumore d' una carrozza che s' allentana.)
O ciel! Il rumor d' una vettura.
A veder va un po', Lionel!

Lionello.
Che avvien? parla—

Plumkett.
E non lo vedi?
Le ragazze son fuggite!

Lionello.
Sen fuggir! lei che adoro!

Plumkett.
Ah! per certo sen fuggir!

Lionello.
Ah! colei che avoro.
Non potrò più riveder!

Plumkett.
Mà si deggiono punir
Inseguire le sapremo,
A noi deggiono obedir!
Chi garzoni presto! su!

Peasants

(Entering confusedly.)

Tell, what frightful thing has happened,
That from out our sleep you call us?

Plunkett.

Our new servants have absconded,
And I'll give one pound sterling
To the man who brings them back!

Chorus.

One pound sterling he will give!

Plunkett & Chorus.

Rest not till they're apprehended
Who their contract rashly broke!
Seek them out, the vile offenders,
And restore them to their yoke!

(All depart hurriedly.)

Coro.

Qual tumulto! qual fracasco!
Che vuol dir codesto chiasso?

Plumkett.

Le due serve son fuggite!
Do una lira in guiderdone
A chi prender le saprà.

Coro.

Una lira dà il padrone!

Plumkett e Coro.

Presto! tutti le inseguite;
Trascinate sieno qua,
Sien legate, sien punite,
Non vi sia per lor pietà.

(Partono correndo.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT

ACT III.

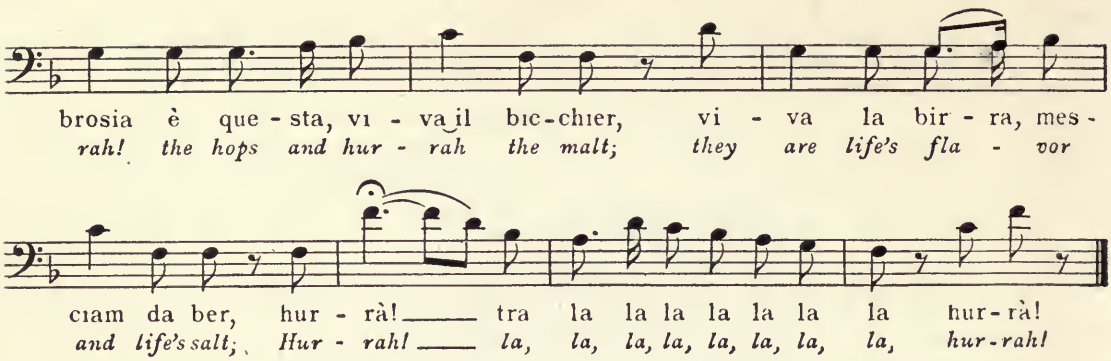
SCENE I—A forest. On the left a small inn. Plunkett and Farmers sitting at a table covered with jugs and mugs.

ATTO III.

SCENA I.—Un' osteria. Plumkett, Contadini bevendo birra.

CANZONE DEL PORTER — *PORTER SONG*

PLUNKETT
Andante maestoso
Chi mi di - rà di che il bic - chier col - ma - to va, per dar pia -
I want to ask you, Can you not tell me, what to our land, the Brit - ish
(Holding up his mug)
cer, nes-sun lo sà, nes - sun?
è la be - van - da gra - ta a
strand gives life and pow - er? say!
That is old por - ter, brown and
ber, che il ciel ci man - da nel bic - chier e che il Bri - tan - no ren - de al -
stout, we may of it be just - ly proud, it guides John Bull where'er he
tier, e che il Bri - tan - no ren - da al - tier! ah! am -
be, thro' fogs and mists, o'er land and sea; Yes, Hur -


brosia è que - sta, vi - va il bic-chier, vi - va la bir - ra, mes -
rah! the hops and hur - rah the malt; they are life's fla - vor
ciam da ber, hur - rà! tra la la la la la la hur-rà!
and life's salt; Hur - rah! la, la, la, la, la, la, la, hur-rah!

Plunkett.

And that explaineth where'er it reigneth
Is joy and mirth! At every hearth
Resounds a joyous song!
Look at its goodly color here!
Where else can find you such good beer?
So brown and stout and healthy too!
The Porter's health I drink to you!

Plunkett & Chorus.

Hurrah the hops and hurrah the malt!
They are life's flavor and life's salt! hurrah!
(Horns sound to the chase.)

Chorus.

Hark! the merry horns resounding!

Plunkett.

Yes, the Queen she hunts to-day
With her ladies, light and gay,
Through this forest, game abounding.

Chorus.

To the chase invites their playing!

Plunkett.

Go then, while mine host I'm paying!
(Exeunt Chorus to the right—Plunkett goes into the inn.)

SCENE II.—Enter Huntresses, afterwards Nancy.

Chorus.

Ladies we—with hunter's glee
Are chasing a game—
Tra, la, la, la!
Cunningly and stealthily,
And deadly our aim.
Ha, la, la, lee!
Our brave huntsmen are the game
We smartly pursue daily anew!

Plumkett.

Di voi chi vuol—sapere ancor
Bandir chi suo!—il nostro duol?
Ciascun lo vuol, ciascun
E la bevanda—grata a ber,
Che il ciel ne manda—nel bicchier,
E che il britanno rende altier.

Plumkett e Coro.

Ambrosia è questa! Viva il bicchier.
Viva la birra!—Mesciam! da ber!
(S' ode il corno dar il segnale di richiamo ai cacciatori.)

Coro.

To'! il segnale della caccia.

Plumkett.

Sì, mi parve di veder
La regina e i cavalier'
Del camoscio sulla traccia.

Coro.

Alla caccia andiam pur noi.

Plumkett.

Pria si paghi, a caccia poi.
(Partono.)

SCENA II.—Dame in abito da caccia, indi Nancy.

Coro.

Anche noi del cacciator
Abbiamo l'ardor
E il nobil cor,
Anche noi chiama il segnal,
E il colpo mortal
Sfuggir non val.
Ed invano ei va, contano,

By our eyes they're hit and laid
With arrows fleet low at our feet.
Now we awe them and subdue them,
Now we coax them and allure them,
Now pursue them to the nets,
Till in the snare the poor thing frets:
That's our sport and our delight.

Nancy.

My heart knows not
What it is to be melancholy;
Sadness was never made for me;
Of sighing I know nothing!—
Why should one sigh at twenty?—
Yet I hear a voice whispering within!
What wouldst thou with my heart
Thou voice of love?
Life is a flower, and love is its perfume!
Yes, one may sigh, if it be for love.

(The Ladies advance and repeat the Chorus.)

Chorus.

Ladies we, &c.

Nancy

Huntress fair hastens where
She is game detecting,
And her dart wounds the heart
That was unsuspecting.
Restlessly wanders she,
And is never tired;
Takes good aim, till the game
Is with love inspired.
Cupid like the rogue he is
Shot the dart, did not miss.
Cupid, like a rogue
Shot the dart, did not miss.
From her dart—is the heart
Always sorely bleeding;
Then she heals—for she feels
It is comfort needing.
What a look—from him took
Has a look restored;
Gone is pain—and again
Mounts it where it soared.

SCENE III.—Enter Plunkett, at back.—Seeing the Ladies, he stops.

Plunkett.

There seems to be good game afoot here;
I'll see if I can't catch one or two!

Nancy

(Looking around.)

Where can the Countess be?

L'agil piè, la pronta mano,
Lo raggiunge, lo colpisce,
Lo ferisce vinto egli
E dalla caccia dell' amor;
Vi guardate, o cacciator.

Nancy.

(Esser mesto il mio cor non sapria
La tristezza non nacque per me;
Il sospiro non so cosa sìa
Sospirar a vent' anni! E perchè?
Pure io sento una voce nel cor
Che vuoi dal cor
Voce d'amor?
La vita è un fiore
L'olezzo è amor—
Sospirare si può per amor!)

(Le Dame le si avvicinano, e ripetone il Coro.)

Coro.

Anche noi del cacciator, etc.

Nancy.

Il tuo stral nel lanciar,
Gio vin caccia atrice,
Non tardar, non tremar.
Titubar non lice,
Del colpir, del ferir
La belva ed il core,
Trionfar, preda far
De caccia è d'amore,
Le l'amor un cacciator.
Il suo stral sa lanciar;
Ma se impiaga,
Sa quel duol alleggiar.
Nè mortal—è il suo stral,
La piaga è leggera;
Colpo tal—non fa mal;
Nel soffre chi spera.
Nel ferir—sa guarir.
Non toglie in vita.
Sa sopir—sa fenir
La dolce ferita.

SCENA III.—Plumkett, le Precedenti.—Plumkett, nel veder le donne, si arresta in fondo.

Plumkett.

Buona caccia c' è da far,
Una o due ne vo' acchiappar.

Nancy

(Guardando intorno.)

Dov' è andata la Contessa?

She seeks solitude,
And seems very unhappy,
And has been so ever since—
My good friend, can you tell me—

Plunkett.
What, Julia, in huntress' gear?

Nancy.
Well, my friend?

Plunkett.
I am not your friend.
You wait! I'll make you pay
For your headlong running away!

Nancy.
You are mad!

Plunkett.
Fibs are of no use;
Come home with me!

Nancy.
Help! Assistance!

Plunkett.
What wickedness!

Nancy.
What impudence!
(The Ladies re-enter.)
Here's a game for you, my ladies!
Let's see how he will like your spears!
(All the Ladies surround Plunkett, threatening him.)

Chorus.
You have fallen into our hands,
You will vainly attempt to fly;
Let him feel the keen points of our weapons;
Let him prepare to die!

Plunkett.
Gently, gently—hold!
Hold your hands—
I already feel the points of their weapons!
By St. George and Beelzebub,
Fair dames, ground your arms!
(He rushes off hastily.)

Chorus.
Let him feel the points of our lances;
Let him die without delay!
(They rush after him in pursuit.)

Sola sola se ne sta
Nè contento—v' ha per essa
Da quel dì da, quel momento
Che l'amico! udite quà!

Plumkett.
Betsy! alla caccia che fai quà!

Nancy.
Ehi l'amico!

Plumkett.
Amico nicute affatto!
Lo sceriffo saprà darti
Lo lezion! Di qui non parti!

Nancy.
Fate orror.

Plumkett.
Tornar dovrai
A servirmi.

Nancy.
Che! a servir!

Plumkett.
Sì, ribalda.

Nancy.
Or or vedrai!
(Additandolo alle amiche.)
Una belva, amiche, è qua
Buona caccia si farà.
(Tutte le Donne lo circondano, minacciose.)

Coro.
Capitasti in nostra mano,
Di fuggire tenti invano?
Meta sia dei nostri dardi;
Non si tardi,—dee morir.

Plumkett.
Piano, piano! che mai fate
Aspettate—non tirate—
Sento già le loro lance
Che mi sfiorano le guance—
Per San Giorgio e Belzebù,
Belle mie, quell' armi giù.

Coro.
Meta sia dei nostri dardi,
Non si tardi—dee morir!
(Fugge. Le Cacciatrici lo inseguono.)

SCENE IV.—Enter Lionel, pale and dejected.

Lionel.

"I will detach thee
From thy frail trembling stem,
And place thee on my heart;
There shalt thou die, sweet flower!"
Where am I? I feel that I am near her!
She who has become the arbitress of my destiny!
All brilliant now I see her,
With her beautiful virginal smile,
Which, for me, changed earth into heaven!

SCENA IV.—Lionello, pallido e come crasognato.

Lionello.

"Dal cespite tremante
Ti colgo, a giovin fior;
Sovra il mio core amante
Così morrai d'amor!"
Ove son io! Lo sento!—A lei vicino!
Arbitra omai si fè del mio destino.
Sfolgorante la veggio
Del suo celeste e virginal sorriso
Che mi cangia lo terra in paradiso!

M'APPARI —*LIKE A DREAM*

LIONEL

Allegro moderato

M'ap-pa - rì tutt' a - mor, il mio sguar-do l'in - con -
Like a dream bright and fair, Chas-ing ev - 'ry thought of

trò, Bel-la sì che il mio cor an-si-o - so a lei vo - lò;
care, Those sweet hours pass'd with thee Made the world all joy for me,

mi fe-rì, m'in-va-ghì quell' an - ge - li-ca bel-tà, scul-ta in cor dall' a-
But a-las! thou art gone, And that dream of bliss is o'er, ah, I hear now the

mor can-cel-lar si non po-trà, il pen-sier di po-ter pal-pi-tar con lei d'a-
tone of thy gen-tle voice no more; oh! re-turn, hap-py hours, fro't with hope, with hope so

mor può so-pir il mar-tir che m'af-fan-na e stra-zia il cor, e stra-zia il
bright, come a-gain, come a-gain, Sun-ny days of pure de-light, of pure de-

cor. M'ap-pa - ri tutt' a - mor, il mio sguar-do
light! Like a dream bright and fair, chas-ing ev - 'ry

l'in - con - trò, Bel - la— si che il mio cor— an - si -
thought of— care, those sweet hours pass'd with thee— made the
ad lib.
Più animato
o - so a lei vo - lò; Mar - tà, Mar - ta, tu spa - ri - sti, e il mio
world all joy for me. Fleet - ing vi - sion, cloth'd in bright-ness, where-fore
cor col tuo n'an - dò! tu— la pa - ce mi— ra - pi - sti, di do-
thus, so soon de - part? O'er my path-way shed thy light-ness once a -
lor io mo ri - rò, ah, di do - lor mor - rò, sì, mor - rò!
gain, and glad my heart, Once a - gain, and glad my heart, yes, glad my heart!

SCENE V.—Sir Tristan and Lady Harriet.

Tristan.
The ladies are far away. Why, cousin,
Have you left the Queen's side?

Lady.
To remain alone.

Tristan.
With me?

Lady.
With you?
Alone or with you 'tis just the same.
I am melancholy; my heart is ever sad!

Tristan.
What say you?

Lady.
And this sadness
Is a mystery even to myself.

Tristan.
But to remain alone in this secluded spot—

SCENA V.—Sir Tristano, Lady Enrichetta.

Tristano.
Le dame lungi son. Perchè, cugina,
Lasciaste la Regina?

Enrichetta.
Per restar sola.

Tristano.
Meco?

Enrichetta.
Con voi?—Sola
O con voi val lo stesso
Mesta son sempre, e sempre ho il core
oppresso.

Tristano.
Che mai dite?

Enrichetta.
Un' arcana
Mestizia è in me.

Tristano.
Ma sola in questo loco

Lady.
I wish it. Adieu!

Tristan.
I will soon return.
(Exit.)

Lady.
Here in deepest forest shadows,
Under drooping whispering boughs
May confess I my deep sorrow,
Dream of love's enchanting vows.
Oh, my heart is mourning sadly!
Were but the beloved one nigh!
Now I left the crowd so gladly,
To the silent woods to hie.

SCENE VI.—Lady Harriet and Lionel.

Lionel
(Entering.)
Ah, that voice!

Lady.
Heaven! whom do I see?

Lionel.
A lady!—

Lady.
What! he here!

Lionel.
Martha!—Martha!

Lady
(Aside.)
How shall I
Escape this danger?

Lionel.
Ah! thou hast returned!
Thanks, kind Heaven!
Ah! 'tis you—you who fled from me!—

Lady
(Aside.)
What a trial!

Lionel.
Before mine eyes beheld thee,
My heart recognized thee!

Lady.
Recognized me! you are mistaken.

Enrichetta.
Lo voglio. Addio!

Tristano.
Ritornerò fra poco.
(Via.)

Enrichetta.
Qui tranquilla almen poss'o
Una lagrima versar
Qui sfogar il dolor mia
Qui lagnarmi e sospirar.
Sguardo qui non v'ha profano
Che il mio duol possa spiar,
Del mio core il mesto arcano
Posso all' aura almen fidar.

SCENA VI.—Lady Enrichetta, poi Lionello.

Lionello.
Oh! qual voce!—

Enrichetta.
Ciel! che vedo?

Lionello.
Una dama!—

Enrichetta.
Che! egli qui!

Lionello.
Marta!—Marta!—

Enrichetta.
(Dal periglio
Come uscir?)

Lionello.
Ah! quì tornasti!
Ti son grato amico ciel.
Ah! sei tu che mi lasciasti!—

Enrichetta.
(Qual cimento!)

Lionello.
Più che il ciglio
Il mio cor ti ravvisò.

Enrichetta.
Ravvisarvi! Erraste.

Lionel.

No.
Those features, those lovely features,
Are graven on my heart!
It is thy voice, Martha, which I hear;
I am not the victim of an error.

Lady.

You are dreaming!

Lionel.

If it be a dream,
Oh, let me not awake from it!
Ah, I would still dream thus;—
Disturb not so sweet a slumber.

Lady.

Hence, away!

Lionel.

No, no: in my dream
Let me take thy hand,
And imprint a kiss upon it,
To express the love I feel.
(He kisses her hand.)

Lady.

Ah, I can no longer tolerate
Such gross impertinence!

Lionel.

Wherefore this pretence of ignorance?

Lady.

Hence, peasant, and be silent!

Lionel.

I a peasant!—I am your master;
Mildness is lost upon you;
I have hitherto spoken to you with amenity,
But now I command that you come with me!

Lady
(Calling.)

Help, Tristan!

SCENE VII.—Enter Sir Tristan, afterwards followed by all.

Tristan
(Rushing on.)

What has alarmed you?

Lady.

Help me! aid me!

Tristan.

Who dares to—

Lionello.

No
Il tuo volto, il tuo bel volto
E scolpito nel mio cor.
La tua voce, Marta, ascolto
Non son gioco d' un error

Enrichetta.

Sognerà!—

Lionello.

Se un sogno è il mio
Deh! nen farmi ridestar!
Ah! sognar così vogl' io,
Sì bel sonno non turbar.

Enrichetta.

Via di quì.

Lionello.

No, no: sognando,
La tua mano prenderò,
Ed un bacio ad essa dando,
L' amor mio ti svelerò.
(Le bacia la mano.)

Enrichetta.

Ah! siffatta impertinenza
Tollerar non posso più!

Lionello.

Perchè tanta sconoscenza?

Enrichetta.

Via villan!—tacer vuoi tu?—

Lionello.

Io villan!—son tuo padrone;
La dolcezza spiace e te,
T' ho parlato con le buone,
Or venir tu dei con me.

Enrichetta.

A me, Tristano!
(Chiamando.)

SCENA VII.—Sir Tristano, I Precedenti, poi Tutti.

Tristano
(Arrivando.)

Che v' atterrisce?

Enrichetta.

Soccorso! aita!

Tristano.

Chi tanto ardisce!

Lionel.

My lord, this is my servant,
And I have a right to take her hence.

Tristan.

Was there ever such brazen impudence?
It fairly makes me shudder.
It is most unheard-of audacity!
This way—hither, sirs!
(Calling his friends.)

Chorus

(Entering.)

What audacity!
A peasant dare to insult you!
Let so scandalous an outrage
Be punished without delay.

Lionel.

Such audacity!—I'm astonished!
But I recognized you at once.
No one shall dare to take her from me;
She shall return with me.

Lady.

What torture! What an embroilment!
I am paying dearly for a few moments' pleasure!
They will laugh at me!
What shall I reply?—what shall I do?

Plunkett

(Entering.)

Whence comes all this noise?

Lionel.

Defend me!

Nancy

(Entering.)

What is the matter?

Plunkett.

She, too!

Nancy.

Keep up your courage, my lady.

Lionel

(Overhearing the words "My lady.")

Ah!
Now I comprehend all:
That candor, that winning affability,
Was naught but a cruel jest, a heartless joke!
Ah! just Heaven, canst thou permit this?

Tristan.

Arrest that madman!

Lionello.

Milord, costei è serva mia;
Di trarla via—diritto è in me.

Tristano.

Più sfrontata oltra cotanza
Chi mai vide! Io fremo in cor
Tanto ardir ogni altro avanza,
Accorrete quì signor'!
(Chiamando gli Amici.)

Coro

(Arrivando.)

Qual audacia! ed un villano,
D' insultarci avea l' ardir!
Uno scandalo sì strano
Affrettiamoci a punir.

Lionello.

Tant' audacia mi sorprende,
Ma ti seppi ravvisar.
Più nessun me la riprende,
Dovrà meco ritornar—

Enrichetta.

Qual tormento! qual affanno
Un piacer dovrò scontar!—
Di me ridere dovranno
Che rispondere!—che far!—

Plumkett.

Donde vien tanto rumore?

Lionello.

Mi difendi!

Nancy

(Arrivando.)

Che mai fu!

Plumkett.

Essa pur!

Nancy.

Fatevi core,
O milady.

Lionello

(Alla parola "Milady.")

Ah! tuoto or se
Quel candor, quel caro accento
Un capriccio eran crudel,
Un crudel divertimento!—
E tu il soffri, giusto ciel!

Tristano.

Arrestate questo matto.

Plunkett & Lionel.
Arrest { him! / me!

Lady & Nancy
(Aside.)
What torture!

Lionel.
But if an engagement has been made
By her—

Lady
(Aside, to Lionel.)
For mercy's sake, be silent.

Lionel.
She accepted the earnest money;
She has bound herself to serve me.

Chorus.
Ha! ha! 'tis laughable!

Lady.
Let him be treated with clemency
He demands our pity;
He has evidently lost his senses,
But he is not knowingly culpable.

Lionel.
Oh! 'tis infamous!

Nancy
(Aside.)
Poor fellow!

Plunkett
(To Lionel.)
Hear me one moment—

Tristan.
Away with you!

Lionello e Plumkett.
Arrestato!

Enrichetta e Nancy.
(Qual martir!)

Lionello.
Ma se un patto—è stato fatto
Da costei!

Enrichetta
(Sotto voce a Lionello.)
Pietà! no l d'r!

Lionello.
La caparra essa accettò,
A servire sì obbligò.

Coro.
Ah! ah! ah! rider ci fa!

Enrichetta.
Per costui parla dovria,
La clemenza, la pietà;
La ragione lo tradia,
Ma delitto in lui non v' ha.

Lionello.
Qual infamia!—

Nancy.
(Poverino!)

Plumkett
(A Lionello)
Stammi a udir.

Tristano
(A Plumkett)
Va via di qua.

AH! CHE VOI PERDONI IDDIO — *HEAVEN MAY FORGIVE YOU KINDLY*

QUINTET
Ah! che a voi — per-do-ni Id-di-o, la mia pena, il mio do-
Heav-en may — for-give you kind-ly, bit-ter an-guish that you
lor:— e-ri il so-lo mio de-si-o, mi — fà-ce-sti a bra-ni il
wrought in this heart, which trust-ing blind-ly, love and kind-ness in — you

cor! Ah! dal ren - der mi in-fe - li - ce qual con
sought Love, which wan - ton - ly you kin - dled, hope my
ten - to ven-ne a te?___ Que-st'af - fan - no as - sai_ ti
heart_ did fond - ly nurse_ all has gone,_ I'm_ left_ in
di - ce, quan-t'a - mor_ na - sce - va in me_ quan-to a-
dark - ness, crush'd by your_ blind fol - ly's curse, crush'd by
cresc.
ff
mor_ na - sce - va in me!_ Ah! Ah! che a voi_ per - do - ni Id-
your_ blind fol - ly's curse!_ Ah, Heav - en may_ for - give you
di - o, la mia pena, il mio do - lor, e - ri il
kind - ly, bit - ter an - guish that you wrought in this
so - lo mio de - si - o, mi_ fa - ce - sti a bra-ni il cor!
heart_ which trust - ing blind - ly love and kind - ness in you sought!

The others.

Ah! may Heaven pardon { me. / you.
For the grief and misery inflicted on him!
{ I was / You were } his only hope,
And { I / you } have broken his heart!
Alas! what have { I / you } gained
By rendering him unhappy?
Let his present anguish tell
Tell how much he loved { me! / you!

Gli Altri.

Ah! che a { me / voi } perdoni Iddio.
La sua pena, il suo dolor,
{ Ero / Foste } il solo suo desio,
{ Gli facester / Io gli feci } a brani il cor!
Ah! dal renderlo infelice,
Qual contento { potea trar / si puo trar!
Il suo pianto assai { mi / vi } dice,
Che il meschin { mi / vi } seppe amar.

Tristan

(Aside.)

She now sees the folly of her caprices,
She despised my counsels,
And now vainly attempts to repair her error.
By her grief I am avenged!

Chorus.

Let us quickly punish the impostor,
This has already been endured too long!
Hasten we back to the chase!

(Trumpets are heard.)

The Queen is approaching this way.

Lionel.

And with her my hopes revive!

(Takes a ring from his finger, and gives it to Plunkett.)

Take this ring which my father gave me,
Thou knowest for what purpose;—
I will not believe myself utterly abandoned
As long as this gage remains!

Chorus of Ladies

(Entering.)

From the summit of the hill,
And the neighboring valley,
The trumpets recall us to the chase.
The sun is already declining,
But the bold hunter still continues the pursuit.

Chorus of Men.

We are on the track of the stag!
Pursue him, over the hill
And through the valley,
In the wood and through the ravine!

(Lionel is taken away.—The Hunters disperse.)

Tristano.

(Del capriccio ella s'avvede,
Il consiglio disprezzò,
Ripararlo invano chiede
Il suo duol mi vendicò!)

Coro.

Affrettiamo la sua pena,
Sia punito l' impostor,
Durò troppo questa scena,
Si ritorni a caccia ancor!

(S' odo la tromba.)

E la Regina che qui s'avanza.

Lionello.

Con lei ritorna la mia speranza.

(Si toglie dal dito l' anello, e lo dà a Plumkett.)

Quest' anel del padre dono
Teco prendi, e sai perchè—
Non mi credo in abbandono,
Se quel pegno resta a me!

Coro. di Donne.

Dal ciglion della collina,
Giù nel vallon,
Ci chiama il suon.
Ecco il sol che già dechina,
Ma corre ancor
Il cacciator.

Gli Uomini.

Del camosico abbiam la traccia!
Proseguita sia la caccia
Sulle balze, nel vallon,
Tra le macchie e nel burron.

(Lionello è condotto via.—i Cacciatori si disperdono.)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Interior of Plunkett's Farm-house, as in Second Act.—Plunkett discovered, alone.

Plunkett.

Poor Lionel! he sighs, he laments
He flies from his friend;
He is beside himself with love
Accursed be the hour
When first we saw that girl,
When first we brought her beneath our roof!

ATTO IV.

SCENA I.—Interno della Fattoria di Plumkett, come nel Secondo Atto.—Plumkett, solo.

Plumkett.

Povero Lionel! geme, sospira,
Fugge l'amico suo, d'amor delira—
Momento maledetto,
Che sotto il nostro tetto
Fu quella donna accolta,
Che Marta ei vide per la prima volta!

IL MIO LIONEL PERIRA—*SOON WILL MY LIONEL DIE*

PLUNKETT

Il mio Lio - nel pe - ri - rà Sea mico il ciel non a -
Soon will my Li - o - nel die, If no aid come from on
vrà; In fau - sto il di che l'a - mor S'im - pa - dro
high; Fa - tal, un - hap - py the hour, When first his
ni del suo cor; Pian - gen - do vo me - sto e sol,
heart felt love's pow'r; Weep - ing he wan - ders in grief,
Tre - gua non ha il suo duol; Pie - to - so ciel, salvo il
Naught to his pain brings re - lief; Mer - ci - ful God, hear my
fa, Il mio Lio - nel ne mor - rà! Pie - to - so ciel,
cry Else must my Li - o - nel die! Mer - ci - ful God,
Deh, salvo il fa, il mio Lio - nel di duol mor - rà!
oh, hear my cry, let not with grief Li - o - nel die!
pp
pie - to - so ciel, deh, salvo il fa, pie - to - so ciel, pie - to - so
Mer - ci - ful God, oh, hear my cry, mer - ci - ful God, mer - ci - ful
ciel, deh, salvo il fa, deh, salvo il fa!
God, oh, hear my cry, oh, hear my cry.

Say, is this love's hidden fire
That doth my bosom inspire?
Nancy my thoughts do pursue,
Say, must I suffer then too?
If this be love who can tell!
Must I then yield to its spell?
Let me then tell her I love;
Pity her bosom shall move,
She'll not reject my proffered love,
My earnest prayer her soul will move.

SCENE II.—Enter Harriet and Nancy.

Plunkett.

Here they both come!

Lady.

My friend, I wish to see you
Nancy has made you acquainted with my design.
We will save Lionel!

Plunkett.

May Heaven grant it!

Lady.

Leave me for a short time.

(Exit Nancy and Plunkett.)

Let me try if my song will not make
The same impression on him that it formerly did.

(Sings.)

April returns, crowned
With verdure and with flowers!
More bright appears the day,—
More brilliantly shines the sun!
The earth is clothed with green;
The flowers sit smiling on their stems,
And the nightingale pours forth to heaven
Her sweet song of love.

SCENE III.—Enter Lionel.

Lionel.

Heaven! 'tis her voice!

Lady.

Lionel!

Lionel.

Ah!
You wish that I should die, traitress!
Iniquitous siren, cease that song,
Which brings me naught but misery and death.

(Throwing away flowers.)

Behold these flowers
Which thou gavest me, crushed and withered!

Spiegar non so se amo.
Furtivo entrò nel mio cor;
So che a Nancy penso ognor,
Soffrir così deggio ancor.
Se questo e amor non lo sò
Se dee durar ne morrò!
Le parlerò, dirle vuo
Ti sposerò, e il farò!
Accettera, non dirà no,
Se m'amera, la sposero.

SCENA II.—Lady Enrichetta, Nancy, Plumkett.

Plumkett.

Eccole entrambe!

Enrichetta.

Amico, vi desio.
Nancy, il disegno mio
Noto vi fece. Vo' salvar Lionello.

Plumkett.

V' ascolti il ciel!

Enrichetta.

Lasciatemi brev' ora.

(Plumkett e Nancy partono.)

Proviamo se il mio canto
Vale ad oprar su lui l'usato incanto.
Già l' April—fa ritorno
Cinto il crin—d' erbe e fior!
Più gentil—ride il giorno,
Manda il sol—più splendor!
Covre il suol—verde ammanto,
Ride it fior—sul suo stel,
L'usignuol—dolce canto
Tutt' amor—manda al ciel.

SCENA III.—Lionello e Detta.

Lionello.

Ciel! la sua voce!

Enrichetta.

Lionello!

Lionello.

Ah! vuoi!
Ch' io mora, o traditrice!
Sirena iniqua, cessa il canto omai,
O morte con quel canto a me darai

(Getta il fiore.)

Mira, il fior che mi dèsti, è al suol sfogliato.

Lady.
Ah! hear me, hear me!

Lionel.
I know too well
Thy seductive and enchanting words.
They fascinate and charm,
But they prove mortal to whoever listens to them.

Lady.
Mercy, Lionel!

Lionel.
Mercy for thee! Never!
To insult and shame thou hast added contempt.

Lady.
Let the remorse I feel,
Let these tears, stay thy reproaches!
I have wrought a change in thy destiny:
I myself presented to the Queen the ring
Which thy dying father bestowed on thee.
Thou are the son of Count Derby,
Who was unjustly banished from this country!

Lionel.
Oh, my father!

Lady.
And the Queen would make reparation to thee,
For the unjust exile of thy parent.
Thou art Count Derby, and on thy brow
Mayst place the coronet of a peer of England!

Lionel.
I—Count Derby!

Lady.
Yes, and this hand,
Which restores thy heritage, is now offered to thee,
In pledge and token of unceasing love!

Lionel.
This hand, which presented the cup of anguish—
Which could wound even while caressing—
Which inflicted outrage on me,
Which brought me dishonor,
And which has prepared for me a tomb,

Enrichetta.
Ah! m' odi, m' odi—

Lionello.
Il so, la tua parola
Seduce, ammalia, incanta,
Fascinatrice ell' è, ma insiem fatale!
Per chi l' ode è mortale.

Enrichetta.
Pietà, Lionel!

Lionello.
Pietà, per te! Giammai!
Tu che l'onta al dispregio unir potesti!

Enrichetta.
Il mio rimorso, il pianto mio t' arresti!
Io cangiai la tua sorte, il tuo destino.
Volli recar io stessa
Alla Regina quell' anel che il padre
Morente a te lasciò. Tu sei figliuolo
Del Conte di Derby da questo suolo
Bandito ingustamente!—

Lionello.
Oh! padre mio!

Enrichetta.
In te vuol la Regina
L' esilio riparar del genitore
Derby voi siete, alta portar la fronte
Potete, paried' Inghilterra e conte!

Lionello.
Io conte di Derby!

Enrichetta.
Sì, questa mano,
Che il nome tuo ti rende,
S'offre alla tua, pegno d' eterno amore—
Derby, l'accetta; e con la mano il core!

Lionello.
Questa man che d' amarezza,
A me il nappo presentò,
Che ferisce se carezza,
Che m'offese e m' oltraggiò,
Questa man che disonora,
Che la tomba mi scavò,

Dost thou dare to offer it?
(With energy.)
Such a hand—I refuse it!

Lady.
Heavenly powers!

Lionel.
With mortal hatred!
This woman was my bright star of love;
For her I would have given my life;
She has robbed me of every joy on earth, and now
She is but the baneful star of my unhappiness!

Lady.
Ah, read my heart—I am repentant;
Let us be united!
Let my love for thee plead my forgiveness!
Thou, O Lionel, canst open heaven to my view!
Ah, yield, and have pity on my anguish!

Lionel.
Hence, and hide thee from my fury!

Lady.
In mercy, give me back thy love!

Lionel.
Eternal hatred reigns in my heart!
(Exit Lionel.)

SCENE IV.—Enter Nancy and Plunkett.

Nancy.
Well, my lady?

Plunkett.
He hath fled.
His heart is filled with hatred and fury.
(Aside.)
She has been proud and naughty with Lionel,
But now he returns it to her a thousand fold.

Lady.
Ah, no more—I will persevere in the attempt!
My friends, my hopes now are in you.
Yes, he whom this heart adores
Must again be brought to my feet!
(Exit Harriet.)

SCENE V.—Plunkett and Nancy.

Nancy & Plunkett.
know well!—But what is to be done?

Tu d'offrirla ardisci ancora!—
(Con forza.)
Questa mano—Io non la vò.

Enrichetta.
Dio possente!

Lionello.
Odio mortale!
Era l' astro dell' amor,
Per lei dato avrei la vita.
Ogni gioia m' ha rapita,
Oggi è l' astro del dolor!

Enrichetta.
Mi leggi in core—pentita in sono,
Uniti insiem—esser dovrem.
Mi dia l' amore—il tuo perdono,
Tu puoi, Lionel,—schiudermi il ciel!
Ah! ti piega al mio dolor—

Lionello.
Va t' invola al mio furor!

Enrichetta.
Per pietà, mi rendi il cor.

Lionello.
Odio eterno avrò nel cor.
(Lionello parte.)

SCENA IV.—Lady Enrichetta, Nancy, Plumkett.

Nancy.
Ebbene, milady!

Plumkett.
Egli s' invola.
L' odio, il furor—porta nel cor.
(Prima miladi sola era altera
Oggi, Lionello, più altero è ancor.)

Enrichetta.
Ah! non più—si tenti ancora!
Or, amico, io spero in te!
Sì, colui che il core adora,
Dee tornare a questo piè.
(Parte.)

SCENA V.—Plumkett e Nancy.

Nancy e Plumkett.
Lo so bene! ma che fare!

Plunkett.

Do you know what to do? No?—Nor I neither.

Nancy.

We must both of us try to effect
That which she desires,
Until our new master relents.

Plunkett.

Yes, but afterwards?

Nancy.

What? what then?

Plunkett.

I shall find myself in a state of embarrassment.

Nancy.

But why?

Plunkett.

Because I shall then
Be alone in my house,
And sit and sigh in solitary melancholy,
In my poor dwelling.

Nancy.

You are right;
It will be melancholy enough!
You will have to sit and sigh
Alone in your solitary dwelling.
It is hard!

Plunkett.

I'm to be pitied!

Nancy.

If you could—

Plunkett

(Aside.)

What is she going to say?

Nancy.

You should get a little wife!
Consult your heart, now.

Plunkett.

True—I know a neighbor,
A farmer's daughter!

Nancy.

Oh, really! You have a neighbor,
A farmer's daughter!
Well, take her.

Plumkett.

Lo sai tu? no? nemmen io.

Nancy.

D' appagare il suo desio
Ambedue dobbiam cercare,
Finche il nuovo tuo signor,
Abbandona il suo rigor.

Plumkett.

Sì, ma poi!—

Nancy.

Ma poi? poi che?

Plumkett.

Sto in impaccio ancor.

Nancy.

Perchè?

Plumkett.

Solo allor restar degg' io,
Nell' umìl tugurio mio,
Nel deserto casolar,
Presso il fuoco a sospirar.

Nancy.

Hai ragione, è tristo assai!
Starne solo tù dovrai,
Nel deserto casolar
Presso al fuoco a sospirar.
E crudele!

Plumkett.

Fa pietà!

Nancy.

Sì potrìa—

Plumkett.

(Che mai dirà!)

Nancy.

Vi bisogna una sposina —
Consultate il vostro cor.

Plumkett.

Sì, conosco una vicina,
La figliuola del fattor.

Nancy.

Ah! davver! vostra vicina
E la figlia del fattor!
La prendete.

Plunkett.
No, I won't!

Nancy.
And why not?

Plunkett.
I don't love her.

Nancy.
But you will find plenty of other
Young and handsome lasses.

Plunkett.
The more I search, the less I find—
Anne won't suit me.

Nancy.
The more he searches, the less he finds—
Anne won't suit him!
Are there no others?

Plunkett.
Who? where?

Nancy.
I don't know.

Plunkett.
Ah! listen to me.
I know a young girl, a lovely lass,
With an excellent heart—but what good is that?
She does not know how to do anything!
She is only fit to be the wife of a rich man;
She can't knit or spin;
She can do nothing but laugh and joke!
But still, though so ignorant, she has known
How to make me fall in love with her!

Nancy.
The portrait resembles me:
You would flatter me.—
But no one advised you
To marry such a girl.
Yet, if she were quickly to learn
How to knit and spin,
You might, perhaps,
Be content to have her.

Plunkett.
Indeed?

Nancy.
Most certainly,

Plumkett.
Non la vo'.

Nancy.
E perchè?

Plumkett.
Non l' amerò.

Nancy.
Ma donzelle—buone e bello,
Troverete in quantità.

Plumkett.
Più ne chiedo—men ne vedo.
Anna a genio non mi va.

Nancy.
Più ne chiedo—men ne veda.
Anna a genio non gli va.
Non c' è un' altra?

Plumkett.
Dove? che?

Nancy.
Non lo so.

Plumkett.
Ah! udite quà.
Io conosco una fanciulla
Tutta grazia, tutta cor,
Ma che val! non sa far nulla,
Buona è sol per un signor.
Non sa in man tener la rocca,
Sa sol ridere e scherzar,
Ma benchè sia tanto sciocca
M' ha saputo innamorar.

Nancy.
Il ritratto mi somiglia:
Mi voleste lusingar—
Ma nessuno vi consiglia,
Questa donna di sposar—
Pur, se apprendere potesse,
A cucire ed a filar—
Se in brev' ora lo facesse,
Vi potrebbe contentar.

Plumkett.
Sì?

Nancy.
Ma certo!

Plunkett.
Do you mean to tell me—

Nancy.
What?

Plunkett.
No, Lionel must first be saved!
First let us arrange that affair,
And then we can settle about this.

Nancy.
If we can!

Plunkett.
Lionel first—
I am faithful to my friend.

Plunkett & Nancy.
Friendship claims { me; / him;
We will afterwards speak of other claims.
Then we may be permitted
To think of that gentle voice
Which whispers to my heart.

Nancy.
What is the voice which whispers to your heart?

Plunkett.
It is the voice of love!

SCENE VI.—Lady Harriet's Park.—Booths, benches, &c. arranged as in the First Act.—Farmers, Servants, &c. Lady Harriet and Nancy are with them, dressed as Servants.

Chorus.
Arrange the benches in two rows;
Bring the arm-chair for the beadle,
Here, the other seats, all placed
In the same position as they were at Richmond.
Here, the servants—there, the farmers,
The housekeepers, and the hucksters.
The sheriff will sit here,
To ratify the contracts.

Lady
(To Chorus.)
Have you obeyed all my orders?

Chorus.
Everything is ready.
There are two rows of benches, &c.

Plumkett.
Dir mi vuoi?

Nancy.
Che?—

Plumkett.
No, pria Lionel salvar!
Liberar lo deggio e poi,
Pensar posso a quest' affar.

Nancy.
Si potrìa!—

Plumkett.
No, pria Lionel.
All' amico son fedel.

Plumkett e Nancy.
L' amicizia { mi / vi reclama,
Poi parlar potrò a chi m' ama
Implorar { m', / v' è dato allor,
Un accento dolce al cor?

Nancy.
Qual sarà sì dolce al cor?

Plumkett.
La parola dell' amor.

SCENA VI.—Parco di Lady Enrichetta.—Sì figura il mercato a Richmond come nell' Atto Primo.—Panche scranne, fattori, e poi tutti. Lady Enrichetta e Nancy saranno, vestite da Contadine.

Coro.
Qua le panche su due file,
Per l' usciere là il sedile,
Qui le scranne pronte son,
Come stavano a Richmond
Qua le serve, là i fattori,
Le fantesche, gli avventori,
Le sceriffo lì sarà,
I contratti approverà.

Enrichetta
(Al cor.)
Obbediste al cenno mio?

Coro.
Ogni cosa è pronta quì.
Là le panche su due file, ec.

Nancy

(Looking off behind.)

He comes, sad and sorrowful
He looks like one that is dying,
Scarcely raising his eyes from the earth!
He will smile soon!

(The clock is heard to strike.)

'Tis midday,—the clock has struck;
Now begin!

Chorus of Servants.

I can cook, I can embroider, &c.

(As in first act.)

Others.

I can make tarts and wine, &c.

Others.

I can take care of poultry, &c.
I am never idle, &c.

Plunkett

(To Lionel.)

Come hither!

Lionel

(As if delirious.)

What mean those voices?

Plunkett.

They are Richmond servants.

(Addressing himself to Lady Harriet.)

Martha, say what can you do?

Lionel

(Perplexed.)

Martha! Heaven! do I dream?

(He looks at her, recognizes her, and seems overwhelmed with joy.—She approaches him, takes his hand, and addresses him with much emotion.

Lady.

My dreams of wealth and gold
I can forget, I can despise,
I only retain the recollections
Of love and tenderness.

Lionel.

Is this delirium?—am I awake, or dreaming?

Plunkett

(To Nancy.)

And you, what can you do, my lass?

Nancy.

I can cook, I can bake.

Plunkett

(Laughing.)

You're jesting! you can do nothing.

Nancy

(Guardando dentro.)

Egli vien triste, dolente,
Ha l' aspetto d' un morente,
Ma fra poco sul suo viso,
Il sorriso—tornerà.

(Suiva la compana.)

E mezzodì,—venite quì:
L' ora suonò,—parlar si può.

Coro di Serve.

Io cucino, io il racamo,

(Come nell' atto I.)

Riposare mai non bramo, ec.

Alt.

Fo le torte, fo il vin mosto, ec.
Curo i polli, io il bucato, ec.

Plumkett

(A Lionello.)

Vieni quì.

Lionello

(Come in delirio.)

Quai voci son?

Plumkett.

Son le serve di Richmond.

(Vogendosi a Lady Enrichetta.)

Marta, dì che sai tu far!

Lionello

(Perplesso.)

Marta! ciel! parmi sognar.

(Guarda Marta, la riconosce, rimane estatico, Marta, gli va vicino, gli prende la mano, e dice con passione.

Enrichetta.

I sogni d' or—della ricchezza
Posso obbliare,—posso sprezzar;
Solo l' amor,—la tenerezza,
Vo rammentare—voglio serbar.

Lionello.

Delirio è questo?—Sogno, o son desio?

Plumkett

(A Nancy.)

E tu dì, che sai, fanciulla?

Nancy.

La cucina ed il bucatto.

Plumkett

(Videndo.)

Vuoi scherzar! non sai far nulla.

Nancy.

If my master is obstinate,
I can bring him to reason.

Plunkett.

You will suit me—come along.

Nancy.

There, take that as an earnest!
(She boxes his ears.)

All

(Laughing.)
The retort was well merited—
And was given heartily.

Plunkett.

My cheek receives it
As a token of affection!

Lady

(Resuming her former song.—Lionel seems as if recovering and awaking from a dream.)
April returns, crowned
With verdure and with flowers!
More bright appears the day,
More brilliantly shines the sun! &c.

All

(With joy.)
The happy hour is at last arrived!
Let me think only of pleasure!

Nancy.

Se il padron fa l' ostinato
Te l' aggiusto come va.

Plumkett.

Mi convieni,—meco vieni.

Nancy.

Prendi in pegno questo quà!
(Gli dà uno schiaffo.)

Tutti

(Ridendo.)
La caparra è meritata,
E fu data—con amor.

Plumkett.

Sulla guancia serbo il segno
Come pegno—dell' amor.

Enrichetta

(Ricontando la sua canzone, Lionello sembra ridestarsi da un sogno.
Già l' april—fa ritorno,
Cinto il crin—d' erbe e fior.
Più gentil—ride il giorno,
Manda il sol—più splendor! ec.

Tutti

(Con gioia.)
Giunta è l' ora del piacer,
Non si pensi che a goder.

(CURTAIN)

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